



Şeir çələnği

TOFIQ QULİYEV

**YALNIZ, ƏZİZİM, SƏNİ
SEVİRƏM**

ŞEİR ÇƏLƏNGİ

Bakı - 2016





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Tofiq Quliyev. Yalnız, əzizim, səni sevirəm. Şeir çələngi.
Bakı, “Elm və Təhsil”, 2016, 112 səh.

Tofiq Quliyevin seirləri məhəbbət, sədaqət, sevdiyi şəxsə hörmət, ehtiram hissləri ilə yoğrulmuş kiçicik bir poetik abidədir. “Yalnız, əzizim, səni sevirəm. Şeir çələngi” kitabında son dərəcə ciddi, aktual vətənpərvərlik məsələlərini özündə əks etdirən şeirlər toplanıb.



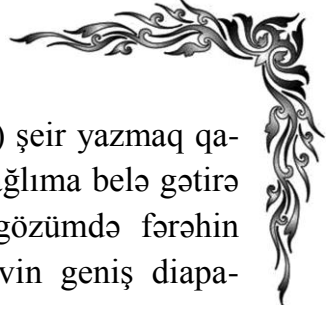
$\frac{3703000000}{N098 - 2016}$ qıfıli nəşr

“Elm və Təhsil”, 2016

ÖN SÖZ

Tofiq Quliyev, çox-çox illər bundan qabaq, hələ tələbə olarkən və mən gənc müəllim kimi o vaxtki Azərbaycan Dillər İnstitutunda fəaliyyət göstərdiyim zaman dəyərli tələbələrimdən biri olmuşdur. Tələbəlik vaxtı o, öz səliqə-sahmanı, nizam-intizamı, çalışqanlığı ilə digər tələbələrdən seçilirdi və gələcəkdə onun ingilis dili üzrə yaxşı bir mütəxəssis olmasına və eyni zamanda, yaxşı bir pedaqoq olmasına heç bir şübhəm qalmamışdı. İllər keçdikdən sonra mən doğrudan da gördüm ki, öz gumanımda yanılmamışam.

Tofiq Quliyev Azərbaycan Dillər Universitetində işlədiyi müddətdə istər tələbələrin, istərsə də həmkarlarının isti münasibətini, hörmət və qayğısını qazanmağa müvəffəq olmuşdur. Bir sözlə, mən onu keçmiş əlaçı tələbəm, hazırkı qabiliyyətli həmkarım kimi tanıyır və qarşılıqlı olaraq bir-birimizə layiq olan hörməti ifadə etməkdə xəsislik etməmişdik. Lakin o, mənə bu yazılara rəy verməyimi bildirdikdə, sözün müsbət mənasında öz təəccübümü gizlədə bilmədim. Mən Tofiq Quliyevin bir əla həmkarım olduğunu bilirdim, lakin onun bu dərəcədə həm şair, həm tərcüməçi (özü də müxtəlif dillərdən və müxtəlif dillərə edilən tərcümələr), həm də əcnəbi



dillərdə (ingilis və rus dillərində) şeir yazmaq qabiliyyətini nümayiş etdirməsini ağılıma belə gətirə bilməzdim. Ürəyimdə sevinc, gözümdə fərəhin bəxş etdiyi nurla Tofiq Quliyevin geniş diapazonlu yaradıcılığı ilə tanış oluram.

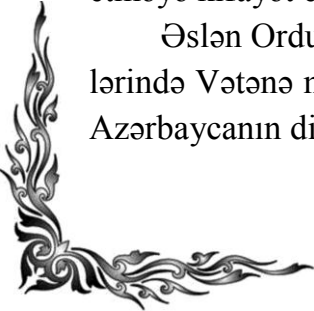
Onun sevgi seirləri sədaqət, vəfalılıq, sevdidiyi şəxsə hörmət, ehtiram hissləri ilə yoğrulmuş kiçicik bir poetik abidədir. Onun seirlərində ailə sevinci, övlad və nəvə qayğısı məsum təbəssümlə boylanıb baxır, oxuculara öz varlığını bildirir:

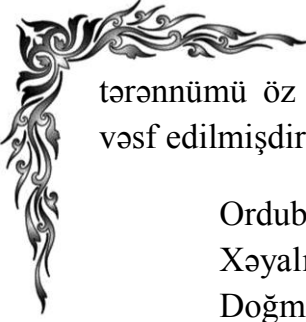
Gül yanaq, gül dodaq, gül üz, gül sinə.
Daha bundan başqa nə deyim sənə?!
Baxır heyran-heyran gəlib-gedənə,
Atılıb düşməyi xoşlar Süleymanım.

Deyirlər, hərənin öz kökü, zətı,
Sevinci, kədəri, toyu, busatı.
Tofiq Səfər tək duyar həyatı
Yazıb-yaratmağa başla, Süleymanım.

– kimi misralar dediyimizi əyani şəkildə sübut etməyə kifayət edir.

Əslən Ordubadlı olan Tofiq Quliyevin şeirlərində Vətənə məhəbbət, doğma torpaq sevgisi, Azərbaycanın dilbər güşələrinin





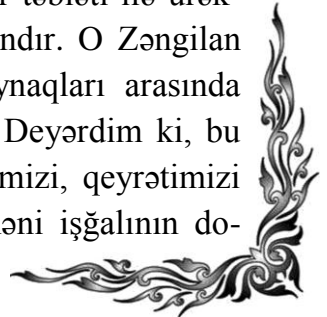
tərənnümü öz əksini tapmış, Vətənin gözəlliyi vəsf edilmişdir:

Ordubadın hüsnünü eylədikcə yad
Xəyalım bir anda açır qol-qanad,
Doğma Ambaras çox olmuş abad,
İllərin ilqarı Ordubaddadır.

Dərədə suların həzin nəğməsi,
Zirvədə qartalın o məğrur səsi,
Ceyranın sürüsü, maralın dəsti,
Durnanın qatarı Ordubaddadır.

Seirin, seiriyyatın qədrini bilən,
İnsanla sevinib, insanla gülən,
Dar gündə axtarıb, çətində gələn
Tofiqin dostları Ordubaddadır.

Tofiq Quliyevin yaradıcılığında bir niskinlik, doğma el-obasından ayrılıq həsrəti, qəm, kədər hiss edilir. Bu da çox təbiidir. Axı Tofiq müəllim ana tərəfdən Qarabağlı, Qarabağın həm aranını, həm dağını özündə birləşdirən, füsunkar təbiəti ilə ürəkləri fəth edən Zəngilan rayonundandır. O Zəngilan rayonu ki, hələ də düşmənin caynaqları arasında sıxılır, nalə çəkir, göz yaşı tökür. Deyərdim ki, bu kədər hissi varlığımızı və mənliliyimizi, qeyrətimizi və heysiyyatımızı dara çəkən erməni işğalının do-



Tofiq Quliyev

ğurduğu təzahürdür və bu hiss dərələrə sürünə-sürünə çökən çənli-çiskinli duman kimi təkə Tofiq müəllimin deyil, vətəni, dilini, dinini, mənlik və heysiyyatını uca tutan qeyrətli azərbaycanlı türkünə məxsus olan vətəndaşların və eləcə də, Azərbaycanı doğma vətəni hesab edən bütün qeyrətli Azərbaycan vətəndaşlarının varlığına və mövcudluğuna hakim kəsilmişdir.

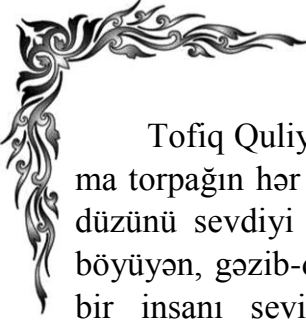
Vətən oğlu, eşit nə deyir yurdun,
Elsiz qara yeli dinləyir yurdun.
Yağı caynağında inləyir yurdun,
Dağın tüstülənir, düzün közərir.

Quşlara namə yaz, ay Tofiq, vaxtdır
Görəndə ki, ünün yetmir, uzaqdır.
Ürəyinin odu sönüb nə vaxtdır,
İstisi azalıb, sözün közərir.

Və ya:

Gözü yaşlı qalan Çinar bulağım,
Pıçılına tamarzıdı qulağım.
Ayrılıq yaman dərmiş, torpağım,
Qapılarda çox yatacammı görəsən?

Soruşan yox, niyə Tofiq görünmür?
Vətəninin küskün oğlu görünmür?
Qəlbimdəki qüzey qarı görünmür?
Bu dərdimi atacammı görəsən?

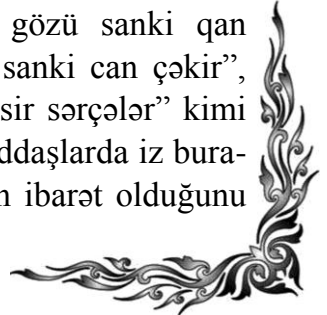


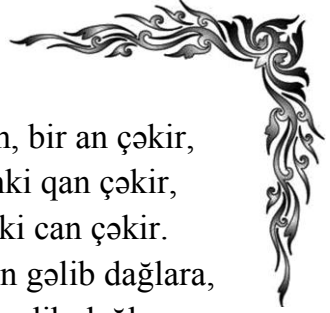
Tofiq Quliyevin bir şair olaraq yaşadığı doğma torpağın hər daşını, qayasını, çayını, dərəsini, düzünü sevdiyi kimi, doğma torpağın sinəsində böyüyən, gəzib-dolaşan, havası ilə nəfəs alan hər bir insanı sevir, onları müdafiə edir, onları qorumağa çağırır:

Qayğısına qalın insanların,
İncitməyin onları,
Siz sevin insanları.
İnsanların sahibi var,
Hər anını, əhvalını,
Duyanı var, şahidi var.

Qayğısına qalın insanların,
İncitməyin onları.
İnsanların əzabı çox,
Özqə zülmə ehtiyac yox.
Cinahında yazılanın,
Sağından yox, solundan qorx.

Şair Tofiq Quliyevin yaradıcılığını izlədikcə çoxlu gözəl məqamlara, poetik ifadələrə rast gəlmək olar. Bunların arasında “üfünün gözü sanki qan çəkir”, “ağır-ağır sürünür, duman sanki can çəkir”, “ümman gəlib dağlara”, “yetim-yesir sərçələr” kimi ifadələr poetik olmaqla bərabər, yaddaşlarda iz buraxan misralardan, poetik ifadələrdən ibarət olduğunu desək, yanılmazıq.





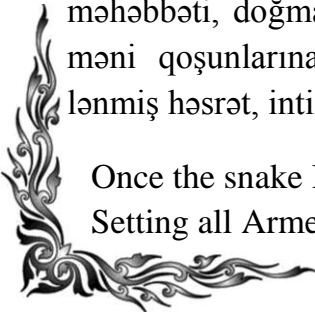
Günəşin görünməyi bir qırpım, bir an çəkir,
Uzaq, tutqun üfünqün gözü sanki qan çəkir,
Ağır-ağır sürünur, duman sanki can çəkir.
Bəmbəyaz dəniz gəlib, ümman gəlib dağlara,
Dağlara duman gəlib, duman gəlib dağlara.

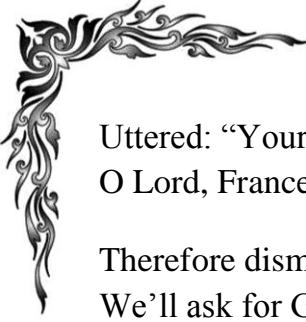
Yetim-yesir sərçələr gəzir, ruzu axtarır,
Döşdə bala çobanlar çəpiş, quzu axtarır,
Ovçular qovhaqovda, qovur, tazı axtarır.
Yaxşı gəlib dağlara, yaman gəlib dağlara,
Dağlara duman gəlib, duman gəlib dağlara.

Tofiq müəllimin bu mövzuya müraciət etməsi heç də təsadüfi geyildir. Çünki Tofiq müəllim 1974-77-ci illərdə füsunkar Lerik rayonunun Mondigah kəndində təyinatla ingilis dili müəllimi işləmiş və oradan Bakıya çox böyük təəssüratlarla qayıtmışdır.

Tofiq Quliyevin ingilis və rus dillərində yazdığı şeirlər, demək olar ki, əsasən azərbaycan dilində verilmiş fikir və düşüncələrin əcnəbi dillərdəki variantları kimi qəbul edilə bilər. Burada dillər müxtəlif olsa da, fikirlər, demək olar ki, eynidir – vətən məhəbbəti, doğma torpaq təəssübkeşliyi, işğalçı erməni qoşunlarına nifrət, vətənin azadlığına köklənmiş həsrət, intizar hissləri və s.

Once the snake Katolikos,
Setting all Armenians nose to nose,





Uttered: “Your sidereal hour’s come!
O Lord, France its choice has done.

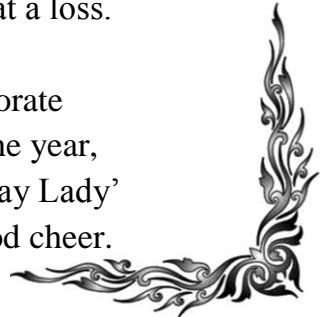
Therefore dismissing the fright,
We’ll ask for Garabagh day and night.
Then, friends, dismissing shame,
We’ll scream for genocide seeking fame.

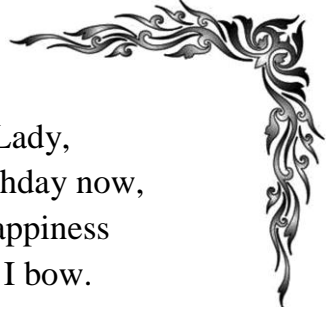
As always says our dear Kaputikyan,
There is no place without an Armenian”.
So the nature is wise, prudent and deep,
As they say, every family has its black sheep!

İngilis dilində yazılmış seirlər içərisində hamımızın sevimlişi olan professor Məsməxanım Qazıyevaya həsr edilmiş seir, əlbəttə ki, ümumi ahəngdən ayrıca götürülməli olan və Tofiq Quliyevin nisbətən azsaylı olsa da, yaradıcılığının ayrıca bir janrı kimi qəbul edilə bilər.

Today is quite a special day for
our Best Lady – ‘Big Boss’,
Another year has come and gone
and we’re really at a loss.

Because we want to commemorate
her one day of the year,
Where she can be ‘The Birthday Lady’
and be full of good cheer.

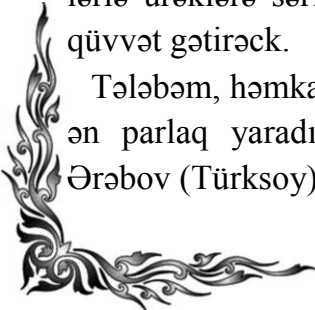




So I offer up this toast, Dear Lady,
and mark your birthday now,
I wish you good health and happiness
and my thanks I bow.

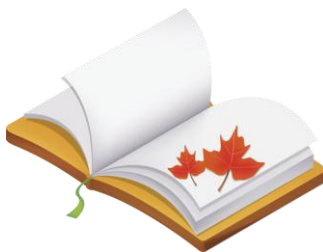
Yuxarıda qeyd etdiyimiz kimi, Tofiq Quliyevin yaradıcılıq diapazonu rəngarəng və genişdir. Belə bir yaradıcılıq üslubu çox nadir şairlərə xas olan bir cəhətdir ki, biz buna Tofiq Quliyevin yaradıcılığında rast gəlirik. Çoxsaylı yaradıcılıq məkanlarında bu və ya digər qəbildən olan heca, vəzn, qafiyə, üslub xətalalarına, əcnəbi dildə yazılan seirlərdə və tərcümələrdə leksik-qrammatik, üslubi xətalara rast gəlinməsi mümkün olan haldır. Bu həyati əhəmiyyət daşıyan məsələlərdən deyildir. Həyati əhəmiyyət daşıyan məsələ odur ki, bütün bu şeir və tərcümələrdə Tofiq Quliyevin ürək döyüntüləri eşidilir və guman edirik ki, bu döyüntü sədaları oxucuları ruhlandıracaq, doğma torpaqları düşmən caynağından xilas etmək uğrunda mübarizəyə səsləndirəcək, “heç də hər şey bitməyib”, “doğma torpaq unudulmayıb” kimi hisslərlə ürəklərə sərinclik, ruha coşğunluk, qollara güc-qüvvət gətirəcək.

Tələbəm, həmkarım və şair Tofiq Quliyevə ən yeni, ən parlaq yaradıcılıq uğurları, arzuları ilə Vahid Ərəbov (Türksöy).



*Bu şeir çaləngini ömür-gün və həyat yoldaşım
Rübabə xanıma ithaf edirəm.*

SEİRLƏR







AZƏRBAYCAN DİLİNDƏ

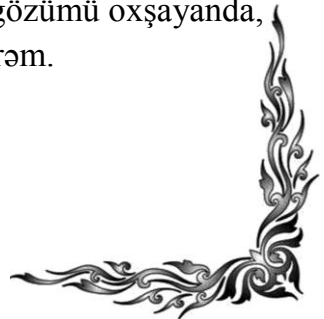
YALNIZ, ƏZİZİM, SƏNİ SEVİRƏM

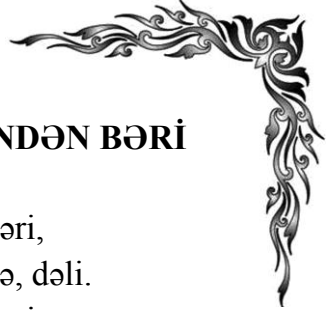
Qısqanma məni o baxışlara,
O gənc qızlara, qadınlara,
Mənimlə rəqs edən xanımlara.
Yalnız, əzizim, səni sevirəm.

Uzun ezamiyyətlərə gedərkən mən,
İşgüzar xanımlarla görüşərkən mən,
Sənin məhəbbətini daim hiss edirəm.
Yalnız, əzizim, səni sevirəm.

Uzun illər boyu məni sevən var,
Sevincimi, kədərimi bölüşən var,
Məni daşa-divara qısqanan var,
Yalnız, əzizim, səni sevirəm.

Axşamın xəfif yeli saçımı 'darayanda',
Sübhün sərin şəhi ayaqlarımı 'yalayanda',
Elimin gözəl mənzərəsi gözümü oxşayanda,
Yalnız, əzizim, səni sevirəm.





SƏNİ İLK DƏFƏ SEVƏNDƏN BƏRİ

Səni ilk dəfə sevəndən bəri,
Olmuşam, əzizim, divanə, dəli.
Səni ilk dəfə sevəndən bəri,
Yox idi heç kimin bundan xəbəri.

Tez-tez gedərdim yaxındakı çaya,
Gecələr baxardım ulduza, aya,
Gözümlə axtarardım bir böyük gaya,
Üstündə adını həkk edərdim saya.

Birdən göy tutulardı, hava qaralardı,
Şimşək çaxardı, göy guruldayardı,
Bərk yağış yağardı, qanım qaralardı,
Ovqatım təlx olardı, rəngim saralardı.

Ayağa qalxaraq tələsərdim evə,
Tələsərdim ki, düşməyim selə,
Bir anlığa bilməzdim nə edim belə,
Toxtardım oxuyaraq adını sevə-sevə.



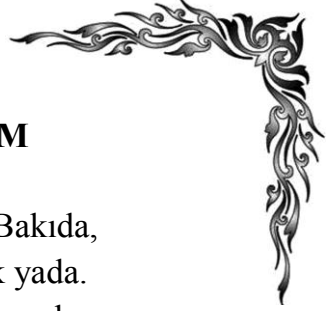


GÜL, GÜLÜM!

Gül, gülüm, gül, gülə gül,
Gül, gülü güldür.
Aləmdə gülən, gülməli,
Güldürən güldür.

Gül, gülüm, gül, gülə gül,
Gül gülə gülsə,
Güllü gülşən də gülər,
Gülləri gülsə.





SÜLEYMANIM

Dünyaya göz açdın sən Bakıda,
Belə bir tarix də düşəcək yada.
Ömrün üç ilini qoydun arxada,
Yüz il bundan belə yaşa, Süleymanım.

Gül yanaq, gül dodaq, gül üz, gül sinə.
Daha bundan başqa nə deyim sənə?!
Baxır heyran-heyran gəlib-gedənə,
Atılıb düşməyi xoşlar Süleymanım.

Bir də görürsən ki, dalıb xəyala,
İstəyir özünü üstümə sala.
Saçları qara, gözləri qara,
Cüyür balasına oxşar Süleymanım.

Deyirlər, hərənin öz kökü, zatı,
Sevinci, kədəri, toyu, busatı.
Tofiq Səfər tək duyar həyatı
Yazıb-yaratmağa başla, Süleymanım.



ORDUBADDADIR

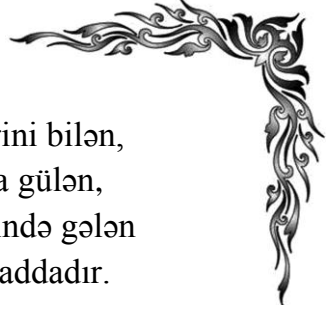
Yollar uzaq deyil, görməyən görsün:
Bağların baharı Ordubaddadır.
Cevizi, əriyi, meri-meyvəsi,
Dağların vüqarı Ordubaddadır.

Ordubadın hüsnünü eylədikcə yad
Xəyalım bir anda açır qol-qanad,
Doğma Ambaras çox olmuş abad,
İllərin ilqarı Ordubaddadır.

Mənasız keçirmə ömrü həyatda,
Canlı xatirədir hər xoş saat da.
Dincəl Badamlıda, qal Batabatda,
Elin etibarı Ordubaddadır.

Başdan dilimizin olmuş əzbəri,
Könül mahnıları, ürək sözləri,
O Məmməd Səidin ayaq izləri,
Ölməz yadigarı Ordubaddadır.

Dərədə suların həzin nəğməsi,
Zirvədə qartalın o məğrur səsi,
Ceyranın sürüsü, maralın dəsti,
Durnanın qatarı Ordubaddadır.



Seirin, seiriyatın qədrini bilən,
İnsanla sevinib, insanla gülən,
Dar gündə axtarıb, çətində gələn
Tofiqin dostları Ordubaddadır.

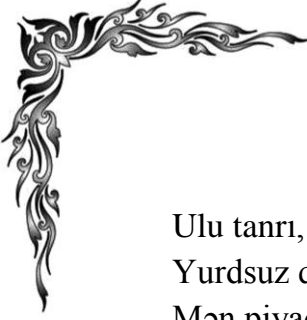
KÖZƏRİR

İlhamın dönmüşdür coşqun bir çaya,
Səsin yayılmışdır ulduza, aya,
Bir zaman sığmırdı eşqin dünyaya
Daha odun sönüb, közün közərir.

Vətən oğlu, eşit nə deyir yurdun,
Elsiz qara yeli dinləyir yurdun.
Yağı caynağında inləyir yurdun,
Dağın tüstülənir, düzün közərir.

Quşlara namə yaz, ay Tofiq, vaxtdır
Görəndə ki, ünün yetmir, uzaqdır.
Ürəyinin odu sönüb nə vaxtdır,
İstisi azalıb, sözün közərir.





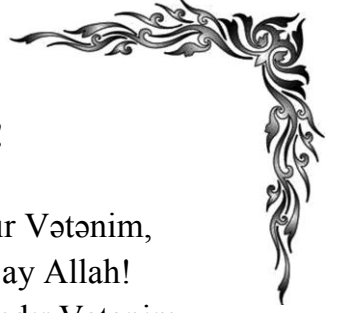
GÖRƏSƏN

Ulu tanrı, məni niə yaratdın?
Yurdsuz qoyub, nəfəsimi daraltdın.
Mən piyada, acı rüzgar yel atlı,
Bir arzuma çatacammı görəsən?

Gözü yaşlı qalan Çinar bulağım,
Pıçıltına tamarzıdı qulağım.
Ayrılıq yaman dərdmiş, torpağım,
Qapılarda çox yatacammı görəsən?

Soruşan yox, niyə Tofiq görünmür?
Vətəninin küskün oğlu görünmür?
Qəlbimdəki qüzey qarı görünmür?
Bu dərdimi atacammı görəsən?





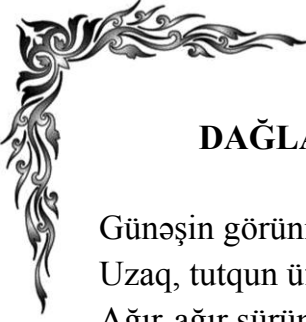
AY ALLAH!

Dərdə düşüb neçə vaxtdır Vətənim,
Necə dözsün buna ürək, ay Allah!
Torpağımdır, qızıl taxtımdır Vətənim,
Sən yol göstər, bir gün görək, ay Allah!

Tapdağa, mələla dözməyib torpaq,
Mərdə yasaq olub, düşməyə yaraq.
Ağaclar quruyub, saralıb yarpaq,
Rəhmin göstər, bir gün görək, ay Allah!

Düşmənimin cəzasını verən Sən,
Qan-yaş tökən anaları görən Sən,
Hər bir yurdda sülhdən qala quran Sən.
Göstər izzət, bir gün görək, ay Allah!





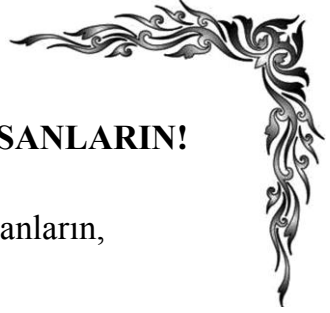
DAĞLARA DUMAN GƏLİB

Günəşin görünməyi bir qırpım, bir an çəkir,
Uzaq, tutqun üfünün gözü sanki qan çəkir,
Ağır-ağır sürünür, duman sanki can çəkir.
Bəmbəyaz dəniz gəlib, ümman gəlib dağlara,
Dağlara duman gəlib, duman gəlib dağlara.

Yetim-yesir sərçələr gəzir, ruzu axtarır,
Döşdə bala çobanlar çəpiş, quzu axtarır,
Ovçular qovhaqovda, qovur, tazı axtarır.
Yaxşı gəlib dağlara, yaman gəlib dağlara,
Dağlara duman gəlib, duman gəlib dağlara.

Naşı, nabələd adam izi, yolağı görmür,
Uzaq yaxını görmür, yaxın uzağı görmür,
Duman elə sıxdı ki, bu dağ o dağı görmür.
Həsərət gəlib dağlara, güman gəlib dağlara,
Dağlara duman gəlib, duman gəlib dağlara!





QAYĞISINA QALIN İNSANLARIN!

Qayğısına qalın insanların,
İncitməyin onları,
Siz sevin insanları.
İnsanların sahibi var,
Hər anını, əhvalını,
Duyanı var, şahidi var.
Hər bəndəyə nəzarəti,
Xeyir, şəfa, rəhməti var.
Xəlq edib insanları,
Yaratmaqda məqsədi var.

Qayğısına qalın insanların,
İncitməyin onları.
İnsanların əzabı çox,
Özqə zülmə ehtiyac yox.
Cinahında yazılanın,
Sağından yox, solundan qorx.

Sağdadır cənnət bağı,
Solda cəhənnəm dağı.
Çoxdur insan günahları,
Allahadır gümanları.





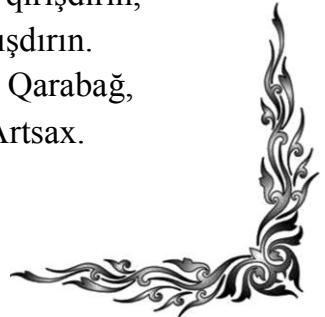
Allah, bizi islah eyl ,
İşar l r hikm tinl .
Əfv eyl  r hm tinl ,
M rh m t q dr tinl .
Allah, s n  yalvarırıq,
R hm tin  sığırıq.

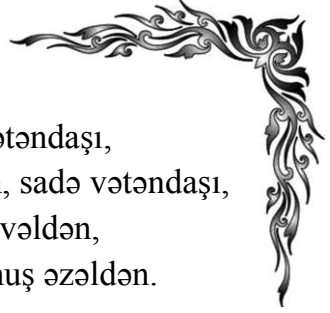
NAXIRDA QOTUR DANA

G nl rin bir g n  “ fi ilan” Katalikos,
Burun-buruna yığaraq erm nil ri, bağırdı SOS.
Dedi:”G lib çatıbdır g zl diyimiz vaxt,
İlahi, Fransa da biz  d st kdir h r vaxt!

Ona g r  qorxaqlığı qoyaraq bir qırağa,
Əvv lc  hamınız toplaşıb gedin Qarabağa.
Sonra, dostlar, unudaraq haya-abırı,
Qıyya  kib xatırladın erm ni soyqırımı.

G z yaşı axıdın, sif tl rinizi qırışdırın,
Tanrı bağışlar bizi, aranı qızışdırın.
Var g c n zl  bağırın, guya Qarabağ,
Tarixi m nb l rd  olubdur Artsax.





Bir də qoy hər bir erməni vətəndaşı,
Fərqi yoxdur, tarixçi, həkim, sadə vətəndaşı,
Tutuquşu tək təkrar etsin əvvəldən,
Qarabağ erməni torpağı olmuş əzəldən.

Bəlkə bəxtimiz gətirdi, möcüzə oldu,
Birdən başımıza bəxt quşu qondu.
Türklərə xətər-ətər yetirə bildik,
Torpaqlarını əllərindən zorla ala bildik.

20 ildən sonra yaxşı istirahət edərik,
Sonra Rusiyada çaxnaşma sala bilərik.
Və dostumuz sadələvh Vanya dayıdan,
Qopardarıq Ryazanın torpaq payından.

Bacımız Kaputikyanın sözü təkzib edilməz,
Planetimiz ermənisiz yaşaya bilməz”.
Çox müdrikdir qoca, ana təbiət,
Naxır qotur danasız olmayıb əlbət!



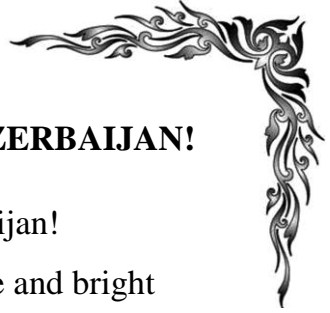


İNGİLİS DİLİNDƏ

OBEY ALLAH!

Life is just a test
And Islam is best.
One is a guest
Namaz is best.
Earth is our nest
Aakhirat is for rest.
Quran is in chest
Nothing needs next.
Obey Allah first!
Success will be next.





MY MOTHERLAND, AZERBAIJAN!

My Motherland, Azerbaijan!
You're so beautiful, nice and bright
You give us home, a shelter and light.
And we are proud of your history,
Full of struggles and splendid victory.
We got this country from God as a gift,
Not just to take, but mostly to give.
Our motherland takes care of you and me,
And only here we can stay forever free.
We are proud to be her loyal kids;
She brings us up, teaches and leads.
She's our life, she is our best part,
And she's our soul, brain and heart.
My dear Motherland, Azerbaijan!
You are so beautiful, lovely and bright,
May we be strong to keep your shining light.



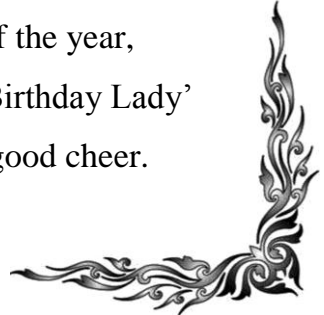


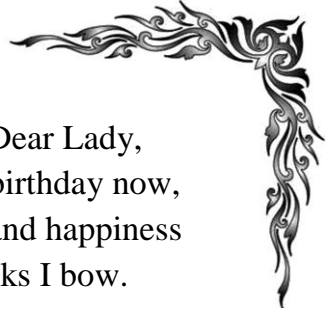
BIRTHDAY FLİNG

*Dedicated to the Chief of
Department of Culturology
Prof. Masmakhanum Gaziyeva.
To dear and valuable Chief of our Chair,
Who never denies her assistance and care,
Who for us great responsibility has to bear.
From her colleague Tofig who fair and square,
Tells the following making an excuse for his dare.*

Today is quite a special day for
our Best Lady – ‘Big Boss’,
Another year has come and gone
and we’re really at a loss.

Because we want to commemorate
her one day of the year,
Where she can be ‘The Birthday Lady’
and be full of good cheer.





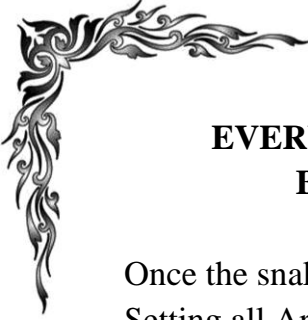
So I offer up this toast, Dear Lady,
and mark your birthday now,
I wish you good health and happiness
and my thanks I bow.

And I hope that as more years go by,
and old age comes around,
That you retain your faculties
and your mind is sound.

For who knows what awaits us,
who knows what life will bring,
Enjoy your special moment;
enjoy your 'Birthday Fling'.

Relax among the friends right here,
who wish you all the best,
We have got tremendous love for you
and you can get the rest.





**EVERY FAMILY HAS ITS
BLACK SHEEP**

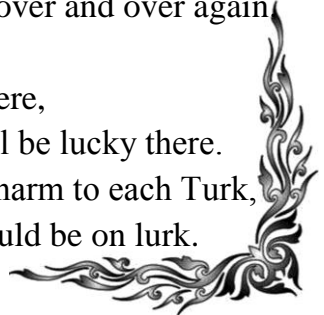
Once the snake Katolikos,
Setting all Armenians nose to nose,
Uttered: “Your sidereal hour’s come!
O Lord, France its choice has done.

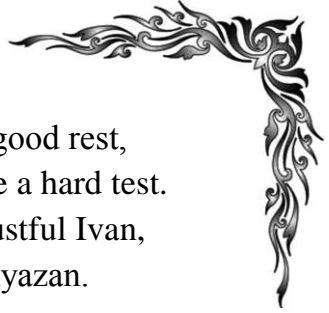
Therefore dismissing the fright,
We’ll ask for Garabagh day and night.
Then, friends, dismissing shame,
We’ll scream for genocide seeking fame.

We need more tears and fewer smiles,
Our Lord will forgive us for these lies.
Shout loudly as if Garabagh,
Had been originally Artsagh!

Let each Armenian all over the world,
No matter what he is, be really bold.
And tell everybody like a parrot the same,
Garabagh is Armenian land over and over again

Maybe our trick will work here,
A miracle will be done, we’ll be lucky there.
We’ll manage to do a lot of harm to each Turk,
No need to be brave, we should be on lurk.





In some years we'll have a good rest,
And make Great Russia take a hard test.
Deceiving and swindling trustful Ivan,
We'll take the lands up to Ryazan.

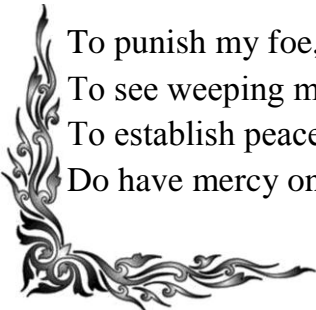
As always says our dear Kaputikyan,
There is no place without an Armenian".
So the nature is wise, prudent and deep,
As they say, every family has its black sheep!

OH, MY LORD!

For a long time is in trouble my Motherland,
How can my heart endure it, o my Lord?!
This is my land, my native Motherland,
Show me the right way out, oh my Lord!

The oppression will not bear my land,
The brave will support, to the foe will pain my land,
Getting yellow trees dried up in my land.
Do have mercy on us, oh my Lord!

To punish my foe, it is only You,
To see weeping mothers, it's only You,
To establish peace everywhere, it's You.
Do have mercy on us, oh my Lord!





RUS DİLİNDƏ

СЕМЬЯ НЕ МОЖЕТ БЕЗ УРОДА

Однажды змей Католикос,
Настроив всех армян нос в нос,
Изрек: «Настал ваш звездный час!
Господь, и Франция за нас.

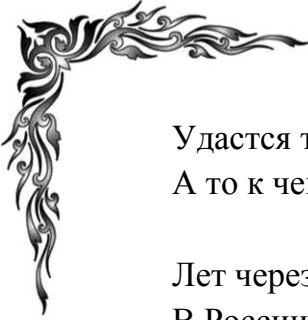
А по сему, отбросив страх
Сперва попросим Карабах.
Затем, друзья, отбросив стыд
Начнем вопить про геноцид.

Побольше слез и жалких рож,
Господь простит нам эту ложь.
Кричите, будто Карабах,
В первоисточниках – Арцах!

И чтобы каждый армянин, -
Историк, врач, простолюдин
Твердил одно, как попугай,
Что Карабах – Армянский край.

Возможно, номер наш пройдет,
Случится чудо, повезет,





Удастся туркам навредить.
А то к чему на свете жить?

Лет через 20 отдохнем,
В России 'шухер' заведем.
И у доверчивого Вани,
Отхватим земли до Рязани.

Как говорит Капутикян,
Не жить планете без армян».
Мудра, расчетлива природа,
Семья не может без уroda!





8 МАРТА

Среди весенних первых дней

8 Марта всех дороже.

На всей земле, для всех людей

весна и женщины похожи.

Успехов Вам, здоровья Вам

и счастья пожелаем.

И с первым праздником весны

сердечно поздравляем.





TƏRCÜMƏLƏR





**AZƏRBAYCAN DİLİNDƏN
İNGİLİS DİLİNƏ**

PYES

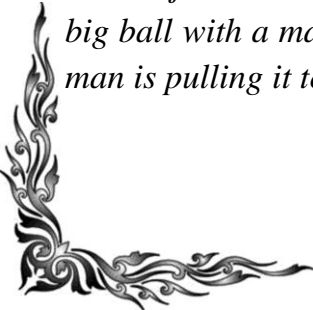
by Adil Babayev

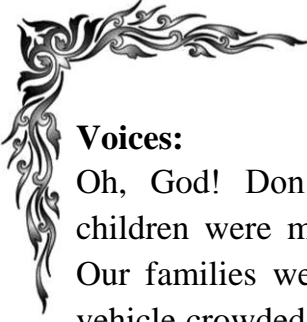
KOROGLU'S RETURN TO CHANLIBEL

*The great man is that, who by his keen word
Makes the blood running cease in the world!*

Hussein Javid

The scene creating the imagination of Chanlibel. Behind the stage the sounds of bullets, vehicles, a thunder of guns, neighing of horses, the women's and children's screams and their cries for help are heard. The tragic events of 20 January, Khojali and Kelbajar are shown in the footage. The banner of Azerbaijan is under burning. Four men are rolling a big ball with a map of Azerbaijan drawn on it. Each man is pulling it to his side beating one another.





Voices:

Oh, God! Don't you see this oppression? Our children were murdered. Our houses were burned. Our families were murdered before our eyes. The vehicle crowded by our young girls and brides were captured.

All:

Oh, God! Where are you?

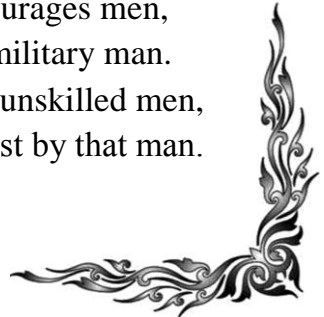
Telli khanum brings Damirchioglu who was all in blood. She lays him down on the ground carefully and puts a bandage on his wound.

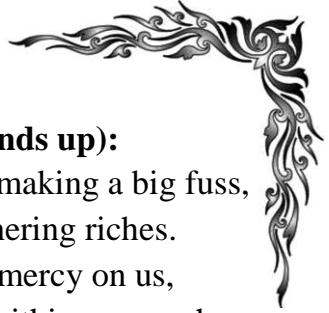
Telli Khanum:

Did not I tell you not to go there?
They'll shoot you on your back, too.
Don't believe them to be men of sense there,
How many tricks they'll play on you, too.

Damirchioglu:

There appeared new false courages men,
Each calls himself a brave military man.
The army is commanded by unskilled men,
The Homeland's betrayed just by that man.





Telli Khanum (raising her hands up):

The heroes are being martyred making a big fuss,
The cowards are busy with gathering riches.
I wonder God will have tender mercy on us,
And let legendary Koroglu be within our reaches.

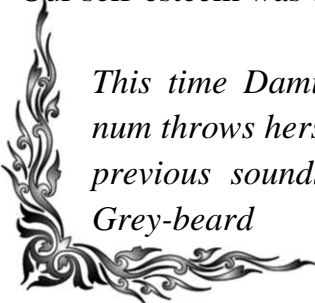
Damirchioglu:

I'm making a martyr of myself for Motherland,
The Homeland does not need "a boy" but a son.
The son is the one, who can martyr for Motherland
If he cannot die for it, it doesn't need such a son!

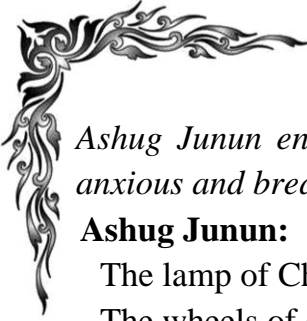
I say, Koroglu's sword nobody can raise,
Telli, cry for help and let Koroglu come!
The evil conscience nobody can raise,
Telli, cry for help and let Koroglu come!

Telli Khanum:

Our mothers and sisters were captured by the foe,
Our Motherland burst into blood, oh, God, help us!
How can I make these highest mountains cool so?
Our self-esteem was deeply hurt, oh, God, help us!



This time Damirchioglu passes away. Telli khanum throws herself on him bursting into tears. The previous sounds and howling are heard again. Grey-beard



Ashug Junun enters the stage. He is embarrassed, anxious and breathless.

Ashug Junun:

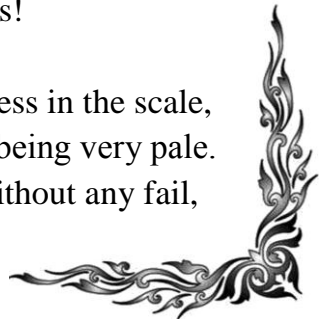
The lamp of Chanlibel is fading away,
The wheels of our fate is going away!
The people of the country are passing away,
Oh, my God, have mercy on us!

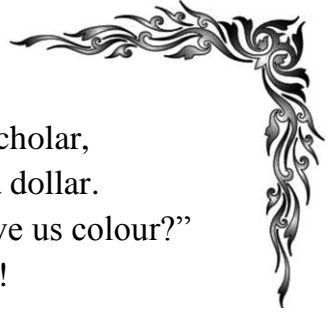
Both the boy and the girl are busy with trade,
In the “Tolkuchka” a plenty of goods are laid.
For the occupied lands how it will be paid,
Oh, my God, have mercy on us!

The honest men to the thieves are giving a way,
The truth from the falsehood are running away.
The clear conscience and justice are going away,
Oh, my God, have mercy on us!

The morality and decency were rolled as a ball,
The justice into the river were going to fall.
The honour of us got to be known to all,
Oh, my God, have mercy on us!

The lightness outweighs the heaviness in the scale,
The rascals’ heads reach “the sky” being very pale.
The betrayers gallop their horses without any fail,
Oh, my God, have mercy on us!





The ignorant man teaches the scholar,
He sells his homeland just for a dollar.
Junun says: “when will God give us colour?”
Oh, my God, have mercy on us!

(Then he remains exhausted for a while. On lowering down his arms he sees Telli khanum)

Ashug Junun:

Telli khanum, who is dead?

Telli Khanum:

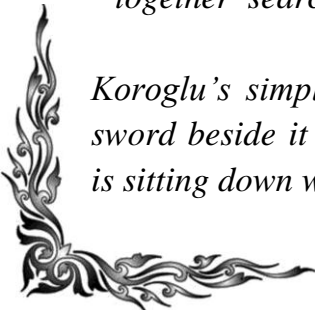
Who can it be, but Damirchioglu!

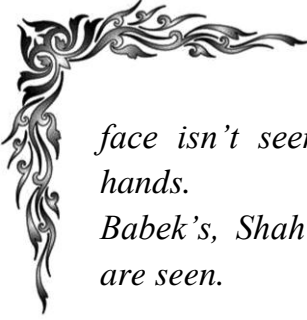
Ashug Junun:

The brave are murdered, the foes rejoice,
Thinking it all over, let’s make a choice.
Mothers, sisters in black raise their voice,
Let’s go and see and call Koroglu back.

(They gather around Damirchioglu and then go together searching for Koroglu)

Koroglu’s simple hut. His father’s picture and a sword beside it are hanging on the wall. Koroglu is sitting down with his back to the spectators, his





face isn't seen. He is holding his head in his hands.

Babek's, Shah Ismail's and Ataturk's silhouettes are seen.

Babek:

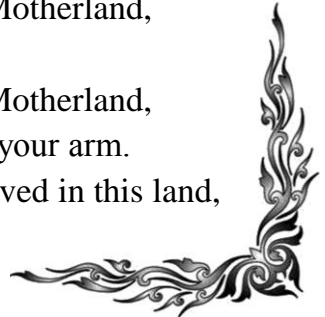
Take the sword, lifting it up higher,
You must throw foes' heads into fire.
With this sword a thousand years ago,
Alien conquerors I defeated long ago.

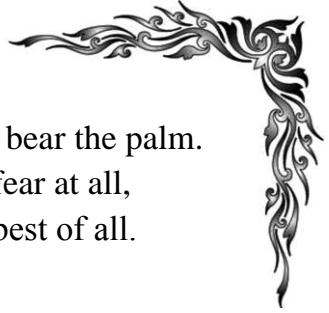
You cannot sheathe your sword until,
The Motherland's under oppression still.
My spirit is with you, do not fear at all,
You'll defeat the foe, you're best of all.

Shah Ismail:

The handful of soil of the Motherland,
You preferred to the handful of gold.
The world will know you and your land,
If you make the world know your folk.
I also used the sword for the Motherland,

I also used the sword for the Motherland,
Now you've got the power in your arm.
You carry my father's name lived in this land,





I loved your spirit as you will bear the palm.
My spirit is with you, do not fear at all,
You'll defeat the foe, you're best of all.

Ataturk:

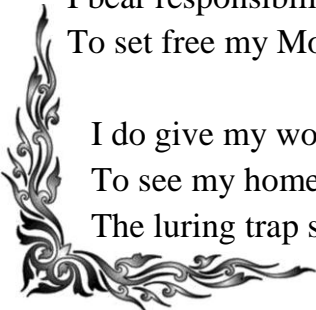
Don't worry, what's done can't be undone,
You know, Turks' heads are always in danger.
Things are going from bad to worse, my son,
I know the foe exposed your folk to danger.

In the early century by me what was done,
Now you come across with the old danger.
My spirit is with you, do not fear at all,
You'll defeat the foe, you're best of all.

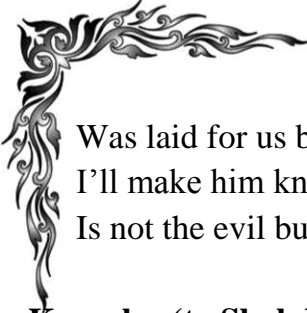
*Koroglu takes the sword He addresses
himself to them.*

Koroglu: (to Babek)

Great Babek, there is a custom of the Turk,
The warlord gives the sword to the brave as a gift.
I bear responsibility to the sword on the lurk,
To set free my Motherland with one great real lift.



I do give my word to fight night and day,
To see my homeland quite free some day.
The luring trap set for you by Sahli Sumbat last,



Was laid for us by his grandson Sumbatyan fast.
I'll make him know on the basis of the universe,
Is not the evil but the justice of great worth.

Koroglu: (to Shah Ismail)

It's true, Great Shah, your word is gold,
What homeland means knew men of old.
My Motherland is my spirit and soul!
My body's burning for it as blind coal.

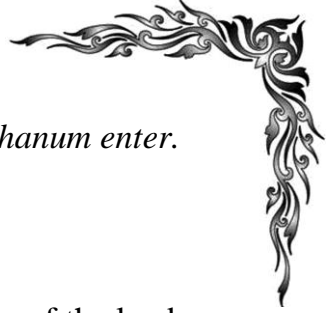
I swear not to give an inch of our native soil,
To the traitorous foe, as it makes my blood boil.
I'll do my best to make the foe with my sword,
Leave our lands, run away and go backward.

Koroglu: (to Ataturk)

Oh, the great leader of the country Turan,
Since I was born, grew up and started to run.
I did love my folk much more than my life,
For 70 years I have gone like you in the life.
The rest of my life since the day I talk,
I'll dedicate to my Motherland and my folk.

(They disappear)





*Ashug Junun and Telli khanum enter.
Koroglu greets them.*

Ashug Junun:

Good morning, the power of the land,
The great leader of the national band.

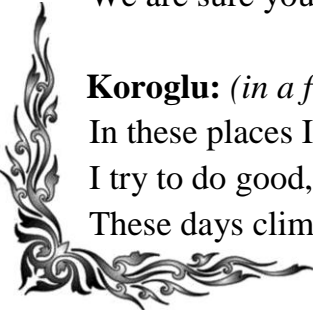
Koroglu:

Oh, Ashug Junun, good morning, dear,
How could you find me without fear?
Telli, my dear sister, I'm glad to see you, too,
Why do you feel shy of my shaking hands with you
So, dear, let me embrace and kiss heartily you both,
When will we meet once again, who knows?

(Embracing he kisses both of them)

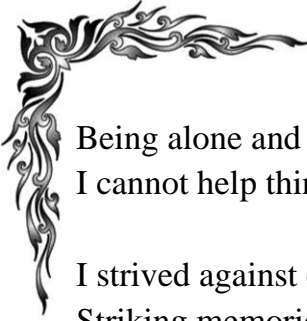
Ashug Junun:

In coming to you we have got a goal,
Kill the damned foe and set free our soul.
And how your days pass on, let us know,
We are sure you will bear hard on the foe.



Koroglu: (in a friendly way)

In these places I am free now,
I try to do good, you know how.
These days climbing up twin springs,



Being alone and lost in deep thought,
I cannot help thinking of passed things.

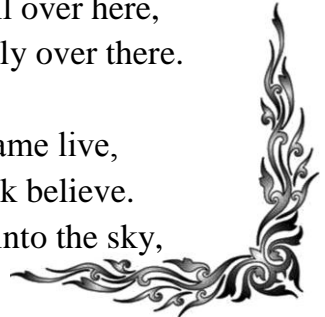
I strived against evil and for happy lot.
Striking memories are sometimes recalled,
Everything is frail in the wonderful world!
Look, how magnificent Badamli and Sirab are!
To drink them there is no need to go too far!

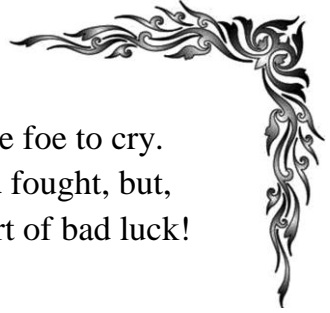
Gazing at splendid view of Batabat at dawn,
Gladdens my brave heart in the dewy morn.
How proudly the mountains stand high!
All years long snow is left over high.

My thoughts like a pretty bird fly far away,
Lean on mountains like Nuh's ship, I'd say.
I really wonder how old is this place?!
Ill-fated were the mountains of this place!

Both Nuh and my father passed by here,
Both the foe and the friend were in Araz there.
I grew up and started walking all over here,
I either rejoiced or grieved deeply over there.

In order to make my people's name live,
I took up arms and made my folk believe.
I wrote the word of Azerbaijan into the sky,





I dug a thousand of wells for the foe to cry.
I did my best, strived much and fought, but,
I hate to know I would get a sort of bad luck!

Ashug Junun:

But they sacrifice sheep for you everywhere!

Koroglu:

Sometimes they say, go away somewhere.

Ashug Junun:

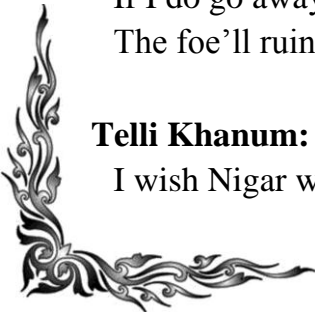
If one or two men don't know your own value,
How can you leave, go away and be out of view?
The people are fond of and rely on you,
In the complicated world they need you!
Go back to your own place, put out the fire,
Motherland is in danger, take up arms, Sire

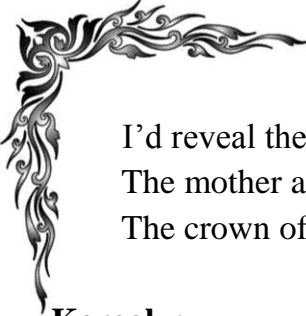
Koroglu:

I've made up my mind to stay here,
Of my father's grave to take care.
If I do go away from here today,
The foe'll ruin these places one day.

Telli Khanum:

I wish Nigar were alive today,





I'd reveal the secret of the day.
The mother and a kind sister she was,
The crown of high Chanlibel she was.

Koroglu:

She was an advisor, companion of mine,
She left and tortured me by this fine.
The pessimistic man is known to all,
He takes his ease in the love hut for all.

I berried my love, Motherland is on fire,
The splendour I created is also set on fire.
The Motherland is suffocating in the smoke,
Each passer-by's going to free folk from yoke.
How can my heart tolerate, how can I stand by?
Each for his land must fearlessly fight or die.

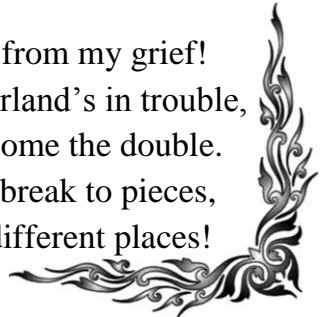
(He is standing thoughtfully)

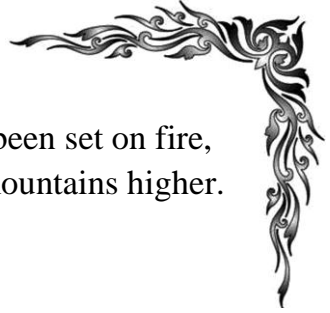
Ashug Junun:

Why are you lost in deep thought, great chief?

Koroglu:

You have diverted my mind from my grief!
My folk's in disaster, Motherland's in trouble,
Where is their reason, they come the double.
Instead of being united they break to pieces,
Each of them is directed to different places!





My fork and Motherland have been set on fire,
My sorrow is bigger and like mountains higher.

(The pause)

Ashug Junun:

What we only could do is to find you, dear Sire ...
We thought to come and see you in the saddle,
As brave sons of the land are killed in the battle.
Our beautiful Garabagh is shedding blood,
The brutal foe should be killed in the bud!
Chanlibel burst into flame, heroism has gone,
I wonder where “black” wind’s blowing from.
Motherland’s in danger, what do you think about?

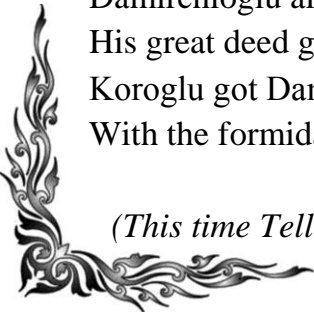
Koroglu:

You do ask me what I’m thinking about,
I spend sleepless nights, make no doubt.
I’m furious and my heart is breaking out...

(He stops and takes thought)

Damirchioglu also in the battle took part,
His great deed gave me hope in my brave heart.
Koroglu got Damirchioglu’s firm support,
With the formidable foe bravely he fought!

(This time Telli khanum cries)





Koroglu:

Tell me, Telli why are you crying?

(The pause)

Telli Khanum:

On the ground Damirchioglu is lying.
He won't fight any more as the foe's bullet,
Shot him and stopped the Smith's son's being!
The traitors shot him from behind with the bullet,
The nation has come up to the end of its being.

(Koroglu gives a roar, everything around shudders)

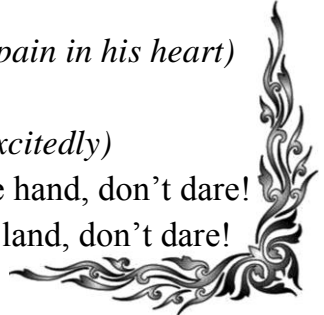
Koroglu:

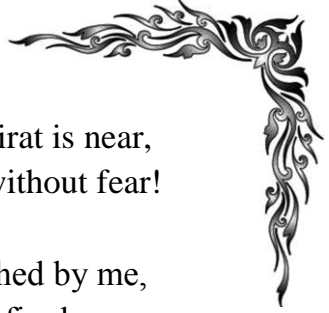
May my ears be deaf and never hear it,
I can't believe Damirchioglu's death a bit.
The foe blew out the lamp of my land,
And I'll do throw into fire the bitter band.
I'm not afraid of the foe's cannon noise,
Let mountains shudder of my roar and voice.

(Here he calms down. He feels pain in his heart)

Koroglu: *(first slowly and then excitedly)*

To capture girls, to tie up the hand, don't dare!
To occupy Koroglu's native land, don't dare!





The sword is in my hand, Girat is near,
I will destroy the universe without fear!

The foe's army must be smashed by me,
The foe's land must be set on fire by me.
The foe made the blood in my body boil,
Junun, you go, I'll follow you along the soil.

(They go away)

*They take a path between mountains. Two men in mask
are waiting for somebody.*

The first man:

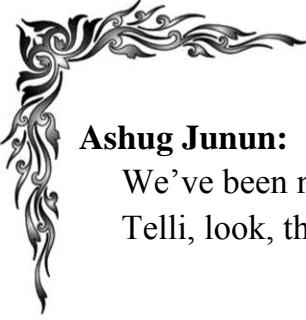
The scoundrel will pass along one day,
Let's go to the slope to block his way.
Do not give him a scare, let us see first,
We must uncover the secret of the cursed.
Look, those decrepit old men with the sack,
Had gone to ask Koroglu to come back.

*(They hide out. Ashug Junun and Telli khanum are
coming).*

The first man:

Hey! Who are you? Don't move there!





Ashug Junun:

We've been noticed, what to do here,
Telli, look, there's someone over there.

Telli Khanum:

Ashug Junun, let's go far from here!

Ashug Junun:

No, we cannot go back, no fear!

Telli Khanum:

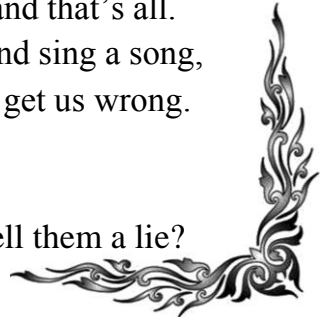
They'll catch us, they're coming near.

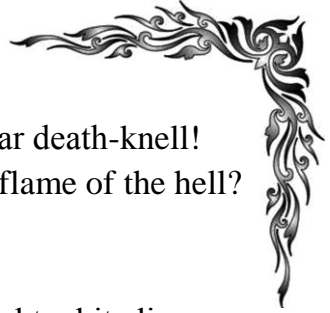
Ashug Junun:

We have no chance to run, it is clear.
These bloody scoundrels got to know us,
Nothing is sacred to them thus and thus.
They'd like to learn for sure immediately,
When will Koroglu come back to Chanli?
Let's tell a lie, we don't know him at all,
Brother, we are old people, and that's all.
I'll only say, I play the saz and sing a song,
We are above politics, don't get us wrong.

Telli Khanum:

What do you say, ashug, to tell them a lie?





Don't forget we're old and I hear death-knell!
Do you want to be thrown into flame of the hell?

Ashug Junun:

The Prophet said: "The upright white lie,
Is better than fifty truth", give a deep sigh.

They don't know this old Junun, believe me,
My daughter Telli, stand firm and follow me.
If the foe tries to hang you by your grey hair,
Do not reveal Koroglu's secret and bear!

Telli Khanum:

They can cut my head off, I don't care,
I'm called Telli Khanum, I'm not scared.

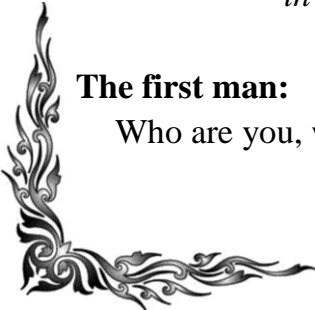
Ashug Junun:

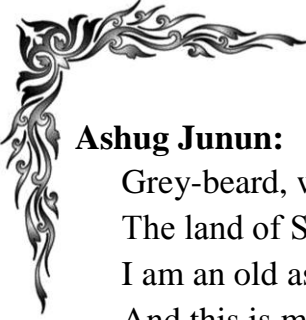
Well, let's wait a little and see to go where.

*(Flinging the saz over his shoulder he leans on the rock.
Both of them sit on the stones. This time those two men
in mask come up).*

The first man:

Who are you, where are you coming from?





Ashug Junun:

Grey-beard, white-haired people we are, on
The land of Suleiman we didn't any wrong.
I am an old ashug, singing only a folk song,
And this is my wife of bad fate a lifelong.
More than 50 years our marriage is going on,
The fortune never smiled on us, all has gone.

We had neither a child nor hereditary wealth,
Now we are ill and cannot enjoy good health.
So I've lost my voice and cannot sing a song,
To make my living I play the saz roving along.
Please have pity on us and do not get me wrong.

The first man:

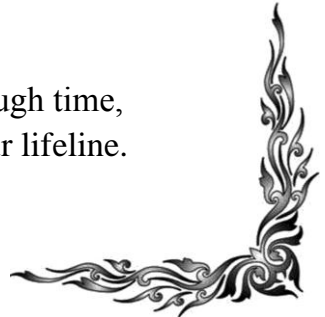
So, you're ashug, then let your saz ding-dong!

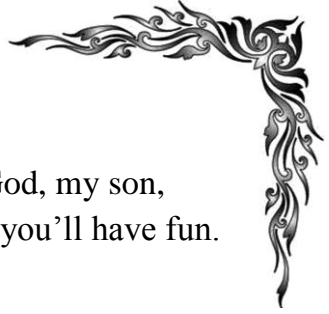
Ashug Junun:

Ashug doesn't jingle, he does play saz long.
He sets "tender hearts" on fire since he's born.
To crown it all, he'd like to play in right time.

The first man:

I don't think you've got enough time,
That has come to an end your lifeline.





Ashug Junun:

We are all at the mercy of God, my son,
I can play in your wedding, you'll have fun.

The first man: (*ironically*)

Look, hoping really for happy ending,

The useless man will play at our wedding!
Tell me, how you dare for such a saying,
Your saz is inappropriate for our wedding!
Damn all! Your music, old cultural heritage,
Your tar, mugam, art and your knowledge!

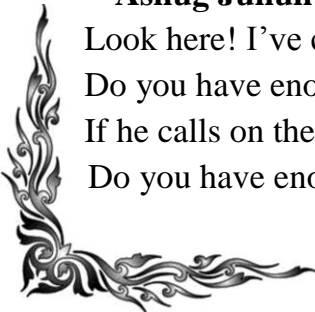
Ashug Junun:

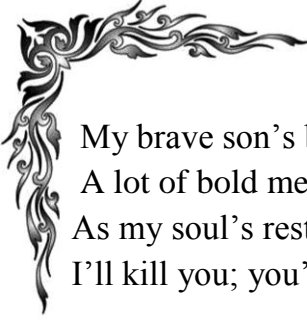
They say, ashug always sings what he sees,
I think your speech is confused like crazy bees.
Your reproachful words broke my heart,
Now it is time to play from all my heart.

(He takes the saz, pressing it on to his breast starts playing. Then getting excited he begins singing).

Ashug Junun:

Look here! I've come to complain of you,
Do you have enough strength to cope with him?
If he calls on the ground for fighting with you,
Do you have enough courage to cope with him?





My brave son's been located on Agri Mountain,
A lot of bold men have been gathered around him.
As my soul's restless, heart's stormy, mind's alive,
I'll kill you; you'll have no chance to survive.

Why are you telling legends wasting your time?
You boastful man, it'll be broken your lifeline.
We'll see who is better; I'll make your blood creep,
I'll teach you my grey hair with reverence to treat.

The first man: (*nervously*)

What's this rascal saying, did you get him well?
Grab his beard; slam him against the stone to yell.
But you couldn't sing, you decrepit old man, well!

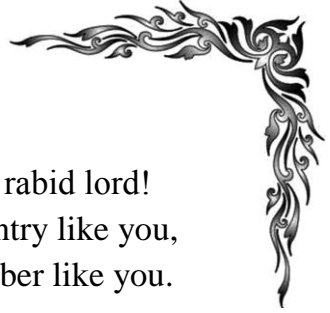
Ashug Junun:

You can't curse old man, you've got dad as well,
No doubt he is a decrepit old man now as well.

The first man: (*nervously*)

Do not mention my dad, you bad guy!
If do not stop chattering like a magpie,
You'll have to say to this world good-bye.
Now my dad is sitting at home like a lord.





Ashug Junun:

No doubt now he's a smug and rabid lord!
As he brought up a son for country like you,
As he brought up a guileful robber like you.

The first man: (*calmly*)

Well, old Junun, where're you coming from?

Ashug Junun:

So, you know my name and where I was born.
Then why do you hurl insults, scolding at me?

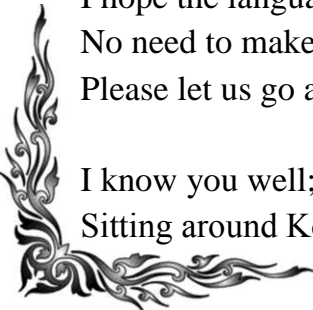
The first man:

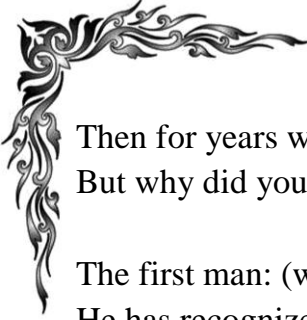
In order to learn one secret from you, see,
We'll use all the methods that we know,
We haven't got other intention, you know.
If you tell the truth, you will be free, but,
If you tell a lie, I will cut out your gut!

Ashug Junun:

Though different are our persuasions and aim,
I hope the language we speak can be the same.
No need to make much ado of nothing for you,
Please let us go away and pass from your view!

I know you well; you also like me once or twice,
Sitting around Koroglu's cloth ate a lot of rice.





Then for years we shared bread and salt with you,
But why did you betray us, can you tell me in few?

The first man: (whispers to the second man)
He has recognized us, this old rascal.
Believe me, if we leave him here alive,
He'll betray us before you can say knife.

The second man:

What shall we do then? I don't know!
Don't you know? You should do so.

(He hints at his killing)

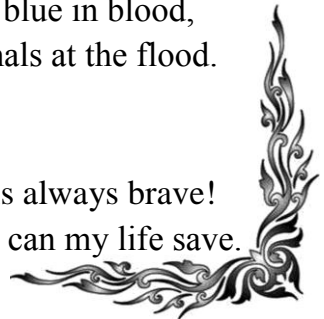
The first man:

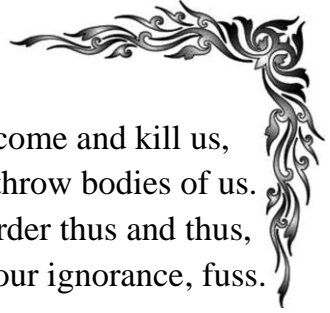
Junun, we know where you're coming from,
For Koroglu as a messenger you had gone.
The day of his coming if you say quite right,
Both you and Telli will be liberated by night.

But if you do not say what you know at all,
First of all I will dig out your right eyeball.
Then I'll beat you black and blue in blood,
You'll be food for wild animals at the flood.

Ashug Junun: *(with fortitude)*

Look, you bondman, ashug is always brave!
I don't fear, there's one who can my life save.





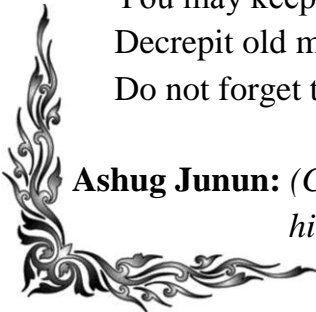
If you have enough courage, come and kill us,
And being proud of yourself throw bodies of us.
Then do boast about your murder thus and thus,
Let your dad praise you for your ignorance, fuss.

While sons were fighting with the foe for the land,
You've taken prisoner two old men with your band.
You freely and loosely walked about the homeland,
You've acquired too much wealth of this land.

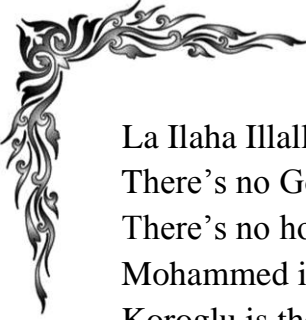
You've remained indifferent about the nation,
As you have no honour, courage and passion.
You don't know the language, no sense of shame,
As your fecundation is mixed, you're out of fame.
I said all, you rascal, and don't bare your fangs,
Now, kill us and you will rise in your ranks.

The first man: (*furiously*)

Look, decrepit old man, nobody to you,
Will show mercy and forgive both of you!
You had a good opportunity of being alive,
You may keep the secret, you won't survive!
Decrepit old man, while changing the world,
Do not forget to utter your sacred word!



Ashug Junun: (*Coming slowly forward, he raises
his hands up*)



La Ilaha Illallah!
There's no God, but Allah!
There's no homeland, but Azerbaijan!
Mohammed is the Prophet of Allah!
Koroglu is the savior sent by Allah!

The first man: *(nervously)*

Look at this dirty dog, instead of sacred word,
He utters Azerbaijan and Koroglu like a bird!

(He hits Junun on his head with a stick)

Old man, before acquiring merit in God's sight,
You'll die; Koroglu will follow you, that's right.

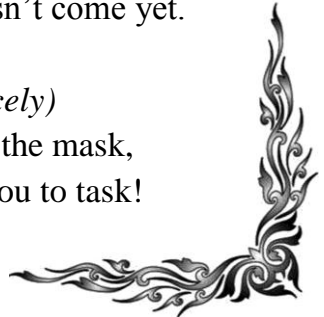
(Junun falls down. The first man comes up to him and cuts his beard drenched with blood. Then he takes his saz and goes away.)

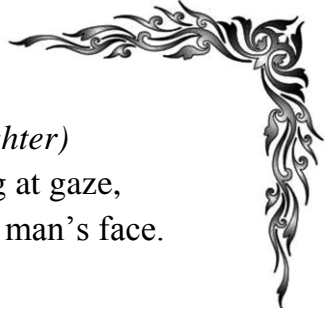
The second man:

Well, old woman, come up to me, I bet,
It seems your death-hour hasn't come yet.

Telli Khanum: *(approaching, fiercely)*

Show me your face, pull off the mask,
Let me see your eyes, take you to task!





The second man: (*roars with laughter*)

Stop chattering and standing at gaze,
You needn't see the strange man's face.

Telli Khanum:

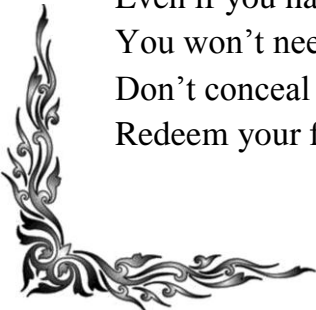
Strange things are happening with men,
They are hiding their faces from women.

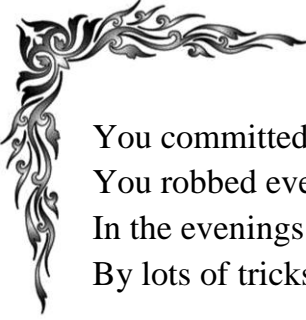
Ashug Junun's recognized you but I have not,
So to make a long story short I won't speak a lot.

The man needs having courage, he doesn't fail,
Being a man does not only mean being a male.
The male or the boy is the same, but then,
Nothing is waiting Motherland from them.

Cats and dogs can give birth to males, too,
Only brave sons' mothers give birth, but few.
While sons were sucking their mothers' milk,
You were sucking from udder curdled milk.

Even if you had a strong support of gold,
You won't need it because of your being bold.
Don't conceal your face and change your pace,
Redeem your fault with my spitting in your face.





You committed murder, betrayed your homeland,
You robbed everybody who passed by the land.
In the evenings you shared our wealth and riches,
By lots of tricks you covered your track in pitches.

How many lamps in houses blew out you,
How many towns and villages destroyed you!
The history will give an appraisal of your action,
Evading the fight, go on your betrayal action!

There'll be found the one, who'll value your work,
Then closed doors will be open, you'll have to talk.
You've got a good appetite, you swallow the folk,

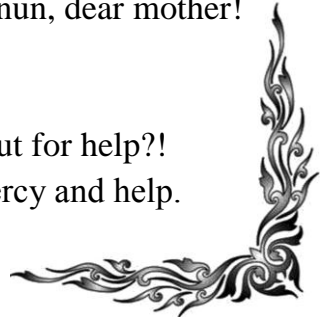
You stir up and then fish in troubled waters...
What I wanted to do, to utter only these words,
These were the white-haired mother's words,
Let the mountains produce echo with my words.

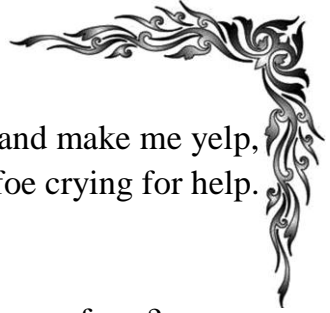
The second man: (*being touched*)

Well, Telli khanum, a brave and proud mother,
Learn a lesson from Ashug Junun, dear mother!

Telli Khanum:

What do you say, shall I cry out for help?!
Don't expect me to ask for mercy and help.





Even though you spit my flesh and make me yelp,
I'll never kneel down before a foe crying for help.

The second man:

Well, who did you learn the lesson from?

Telli Khanum:

Mother Tomris I acquired the trait from!
Brave Koroglu I learnt the bravery from.
You're a coward though you've got an arm,
You make thousands of sins a day being calm.

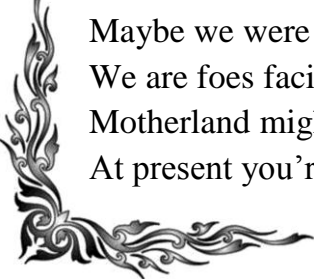
You are afraid of unmasking even your face,
You bring dishonour on men in this place.

The second man: (*being touched*)

Don't tell me a coward, make not me cry,
Many times you bandaged me, it isn't a lie.
Calling me a brave man, regarded me to be clever,
Ceasing my blood running, you did me a favour.

Telli Khanum:

Maybe we were good friends some time,
We are foes facing one another this time.
Motherland might be proud of you once,
At present you're a criminal in front of us!





The second man: (*comes up to Telli and directs his gun to her*)

Telli khanum, your words caused my tears,
By reminding me all that passed during these years.
Telli khanum, I beseech you, here is the gun!
For God's sake, shoot at me and let it be done!

Telli Khanum: (*tenderly*)

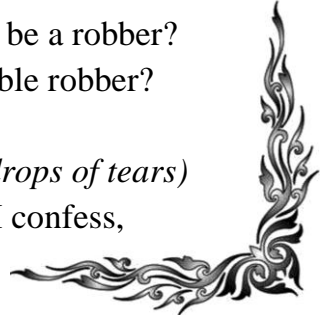
Unmask your face and take your gun back,
Let me atone your sin and you come back.
The second man: (unmasks his face)
I am guilty, Telli, come and kill me.

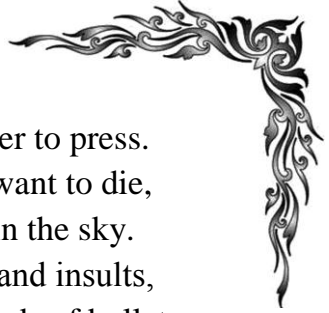
Telli Khanum: (*embracing him cries*)

You dishonest man, what happened with you?
Once being a brave son, a criminal became you.
So Motherland has lost one of her brave sons,
You are dead already and do stop using guns!
I'll mourn for you though you are alive,
As you are a foe of your folk in this life.
Tell me, how did you happen to be a robber?
What caused you to be a miserable robber?

The second man: (*sheds a few drops of tears*)

Telli, your words woke me up, I confess,





Take the pistol, here is the trigger to press.
Please kill me, atone my sin, I want to die,
Let my last sigh be heard high in the sky.
Don't spit in my face, I can't stand insults,
This abuse is bitter than thousands of bullets.

Telli Khanum:

Well, well, come up and kneel down,
Let me slap you in the face, calm down.

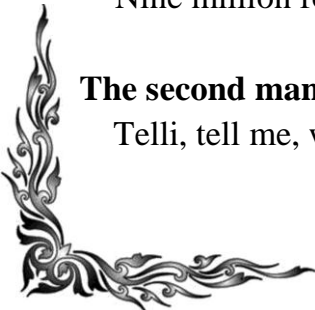
(She slaps him in his both faces)

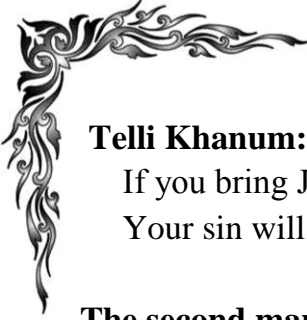
If you atone your sin, make the foe die,
You'll be fine, insults will pass you by.
Don't think days will pass in such a way,
The land of fires will be free some day!

The plundering bands, treacherous traitors,
The masked rascals, cowardly perpetrators,
Will fall into the traps set by them, no doubt!
They will get a death-blow, struck by about,
Nine million folk who will completely rout.

The second man:

Telli, tell me, what shall I do then?





Telli Khanum:

If you bring Junun's saz and leave the band,
Your sin will be forgiven by the Motherland.

The second man: (*runs after the first man*)

Stay! You traitors and inglorious men,
You've involved me in a crime since then.

*(He gets to the first man and fights with him.
He gains a victory over him, takes the saz
and brings it back)*

Telli Khanum:

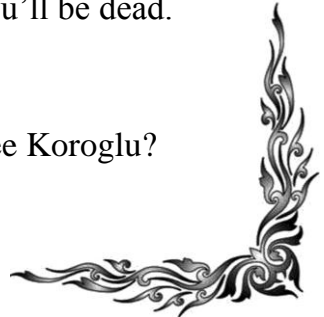
For rescuing the saz I'm thankful to you,
To lose the honour is worse than the death.
And now let's bury Ashug Junun with you,
Later on I'll tell Koroglu about his death.

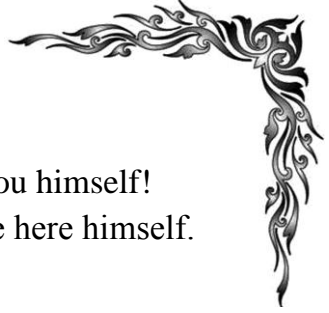
(They bury Junun)

If he doesn't forgive you, you'll be dead.

The second man:

Where can you manage to see Koroglu?





Telli Khanum:

I wonder what he will tell you himself!
Just now he's going to come here himself.

The second man:

What do you say, who, Koroglu?
D'you know what will occur if he comes?
The sun will be blacked out if he comes,
There will be created uproar if he comes.
A group of people are waiting for him there,
If they see him, it'll be end of his life there.

Telli Khanum:

But who were you waiting for here?

The second man:

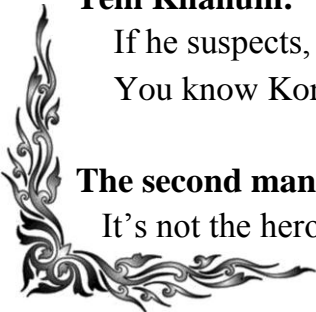
We knew two persons would go this way,
They didn't reveal all the secrets anyway.
This branch of the river is closed for sure,
If Koroglu comes, the path is safe ensure.

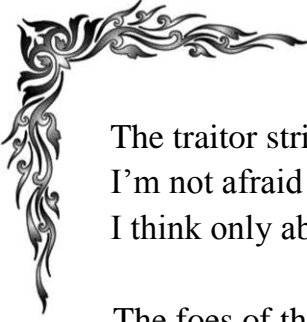
Telli Khanum:

If he suspects, he won't change the path so,
You know Koroglu is never afraid of the foe.

The second man:

It's not the heroism time, believe me, dear!





The traitor strikes the hero from the back for fear.
I'm not afraid of being caught and killed at all,
I think only about Koroglu's safety, that's all.

The foes of the Motherland and the folk,
Want to kill that brave man of the folk.

(This time Koroglu comes)

Koroglu:

Telli, why aren't you going away, you're here?
Or you had gone and have come back here.

Telli Khanum:

I'll explain everything to you later on,

Now let's leave here at once and go on.

Koroglu:

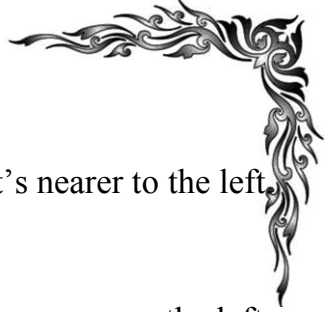
Look, this boy's face is familiar to me.

Telli Khanum:

Hurry up! Everything will be all right!

(She directs Koroglu to the right)





Koroglu:

Why are we going that way? It's nearer to the left.

Telli Khanum:

The right side is better; it's dangerous on the left.

Here the river has flooded the road,
The bridge has collapsed, and no boat.

*They lead Koroglu to another direction. Saroglan
and Nankoryan come. Saroglan sits on the sofa
standing in front of the picture of Kremlin Tower.*

Nankoryan:

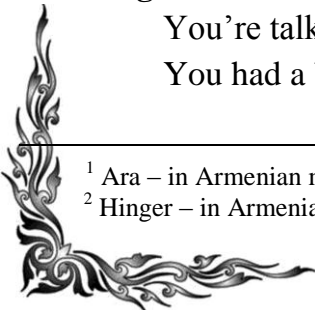
‘Ara’¹, look here, ‘hinger’² Saroglan,

Things are going in accordance with plan!
If everything we planned goes quite well,
Even Bakunakert will be ours as well.

(Saroglan looks at him)

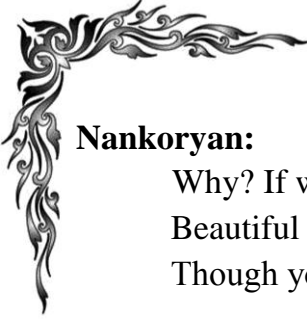
Saroglan:

You're talking nonsense, Nankoryan, again,
You had a big appetite every time in vain!



¹ Ara – in Armenian means look here

² Hinger – in Armenian means comrade



Nankoryan:

Why? If we reach the Caspian Sea,
Beautiful Baku City ours will be.
Though you're an elder brother of us,

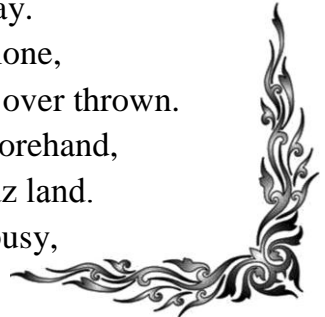
Be sincere, you did everything with us.

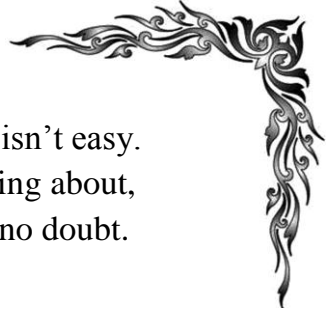
If you wish, the history we can look back,
Let's read it page by page and go back.
In Turkmanchai two hundred years ago,
We struck them together with a heavy blow.

When we divided them into two parts indeed,
I was Lazarev; you were Pashkevich to lead!
A hundred years ago when it was done,
The plan was yours, did it Shaumyan!
You saw how Khojaly was ruined by us,
You were to do the job, but they named only us.

Saroglan:

Stop swaging about I would say,
What you can do only is to betray.
If we withdraw and leave you alone,
You'll be squashed as insect all over thrown.
What I do, I do think over it beforehand,
You'll get the portion from Oguz land.
Look, how I made their brains busy,





To shatter the North and South isn't easy.
But you are still going on swaging about,
It's not you who gains victory, no doubt.

(The pause)

If everything goes on so well,
Azerbaijan will be ours, as well.
Everybody knows you're our friends,
Among Muslim people real friends.
But there's one thing I fear to think,
I am afraid of the bad ending of it.

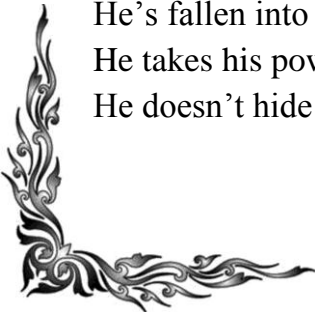
Nankoryan:

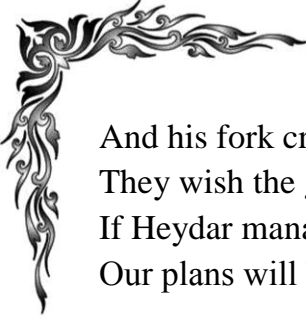
Don't fear, they've lost themselves at all,
Very soon there will come the end of all.

Saroglan:

They've got a man Heydar by name,
Who has won the international fame.

We set him traps of many kinds to take his life,
He's fallen into neither of them, he's still alive.
He takes his power from being Azerbaijani Turk,
He doesn't hide his aim; I pursue him on the lurk.





And his fork cry for help and call him back,
They wish the great son of homeland be back.
If Heydar manages to reach his men and folk,
Our plans will be frustrated without any talk...

(The pause)

But don't lose your courage, let me see,
To comprehend their spirit I've got the key.
They have been divided into many groups,
They've lost their heads, have been confused.
Giving a false promise to each of them,
I can make them be foes in a moment then.
You don't come in sight, don't stay here,
Take your band and go immediately there.

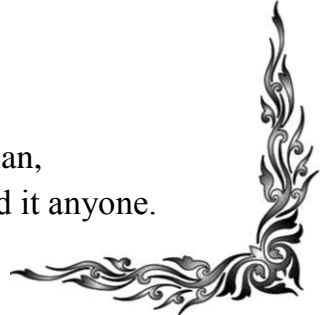
(He shows with his hand)

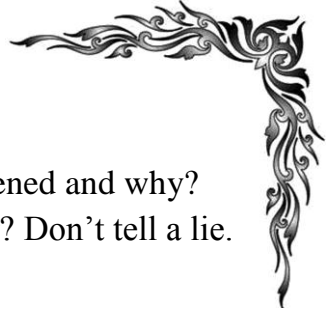
Saroglan stands up from the high armchair and goes down. This time Kaloglan, Guloglan, Laloglan,

Baloglan enter. Galoglan follows them. They stand in one side. Baloglan stops Saroglan.

Baloglan:

To my mind comrade Saroglan,
Who has honour, won't stand it anyone.





Saroglan:

What? Honour? What happened and why?
Are you speaking of honour? Don't tell a lie.

Baloglan:

If our homeland produces oil,

Why is it called water in this soil?

Saroglan:

I didn't get what you said.

Baloglan:

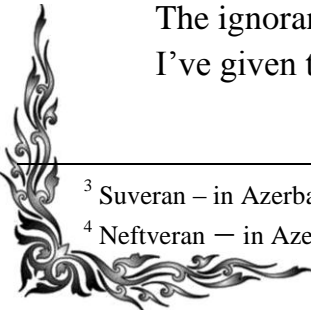
I will not name it then 'Suveran'³,
If I'm a chief, I'll call it 'Neftveran'⁴.

Saroglan:

Not 'Suveran', leader, but Sovereign,
Don't think of it, it will take long.

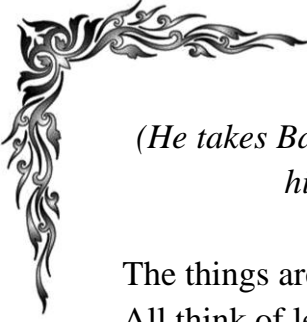
(being aside)

The ignorant chatterbox, he thinks that,
I've given the promise only to this lad.



³ Suveran – in Azerbaijani means giving water

⁴ Neftveran – in Azerbaijani means giving oil



(He takes Baloglan by his arm and leads him towards them).

The things are serious, stay there so far,
All think of leadership and have gone too far.

(All quarrel with one another. Saroglan standing ahead gives them directions)

Guloglan:

With blood have been soiled your hand,
Many murders you committed with your band.
The leaders were betrayed, warlords ran away,
The honour of all of you has gone away.

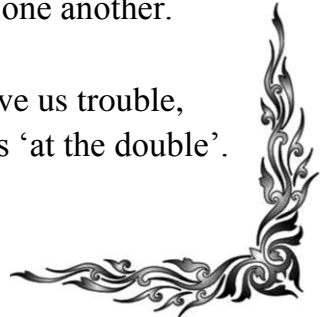
Kaloglan:

But what about you? Didn't you make a sin?
What do the arms directed to your folk mean?

Laloglan:

Well, it's not the time to accuse each other,
Let's take measure and help one another.

If Koroglu comes, he will give us trouble,
He'll root out our dirty deeds 'at the double'.





Saroglan:

If you don't do what I say to you,
Be sure, will escape none of you.

Kaloglan:

Well, if we reject Koroglu then,
And if all is gone, what we'll gain?

Ask these things who orders us,
Maybe Kaloglans are cheated thus.

Saroglan:

It seems you're excited a little bit,
Are you going to get a death pit?

Kaloglan:

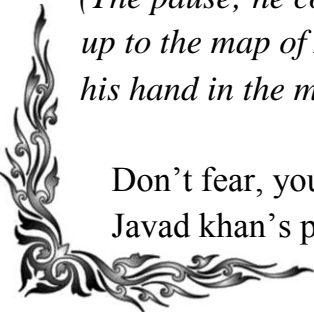
Better a death pit than to be dishonest.

Saroglan:

Then you'll be the next to die on the list.

(The pause; he comes down. He asks them to come up to the map of Azerbaijan. He shows Ganja with his hand in the map. He addresses to one of them).

Don't fear, you will be khan of Ganja,
Javad khan's property will be out of danger.





Touch wood! You are a real khan!
You are handsome, tall and young.

Saroglan: (*directing his finger to another man*)

Look, this brother is Lenkoran khan,
Maybe you want to get Azerbaijan.

(*towards Guloglan*)

Shirvanshahs' property is yours, you see,
If you do wish, you can reach the sea.
Shah Dagh's in one side, the Caspian Sea another.
Daghistan's in one side and Salyan is in the other!

(*directing his finger to another man*)

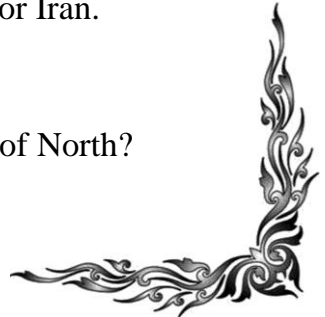
And what about Nakhchivan khan area?

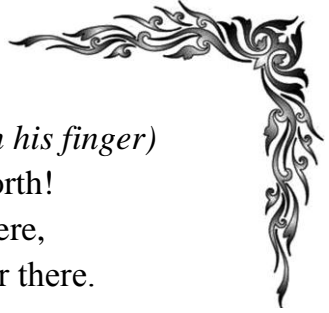
Guloglan:

Don't utter the word Nakhchivan,
That is an appendix to Azerbaijan.
It always inclines to Turkey or Iran.

Kaloglan:

What about beautiful places of North?





Saroglan: (*showing the North with his finger*)

They are eager to get the North!
If you sell them the areas there,
You'll get lots of riches over there.

Kaloglan:

And who'll be Khan of Garabagh here?

Saroglan: (*laughs*)

But didn't you sell that area?

(*changing his tone*)

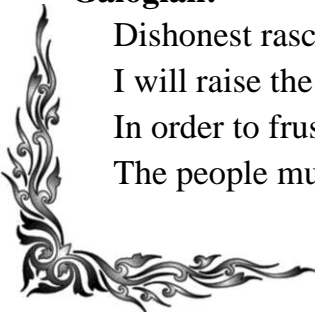
I said what to do; now it's up to you,
The happy future is waiting for you!
Otherwise as criminals you'll be caught,
As you have not any opportunity to cope!

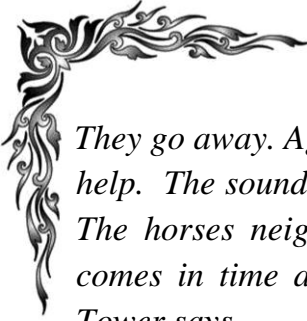
All: And now let's go and think of a plan.

(*They go away. Galoglan comes*)

Galoglan:

Dishonest rascals! Look at the treason!
I will raise the folk without any reason.
In order to frustrate their plans, no doubt,
The people must unite in the single front.





They go away. Again the same voices. All scream for help. The sounds of bullets, the thunder of the guns. The horses neigh. The folk is in danger. Koroglu comes in time and directing his finger to Kremlin Tower says.

To Azerbaijan don't stretch your hand,
Know your place, or will be cut that hand.

(Saroglan saying 'vsemu konets'⁵, runs away)

Koroglu:

The bitter foe won't rejoice any more,
Koroglu has come to Chanli, be in fear!
My brave men, come and crash the foe,
My folk, crying for help, do not fear.

Voices from the back:

Hey, who are you over there?

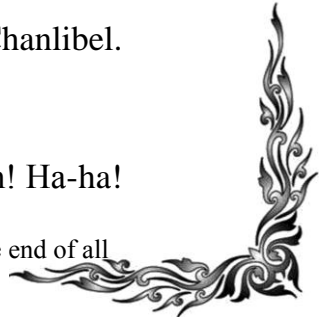
Koroglu:

Koroglu, the brave man of Chanlibel.

Voices: *(mocking at him)*

Well, you are blind Ali's son! Ha-ha!

⁵ Vsemu konets – in Russian means that's the end of all





Koroglu:

Step up, let me see, who you are?

Voices:

We are several groups, not few we are!
Kaloglan, Guloglan, Laloglan, Baloglan ...

Koroglu:

Kaloglan, tell me, what do you want?

Kaloglan:

Not to set your foot on Chanli, - I want!..
Being a leader in Chanli for many years,

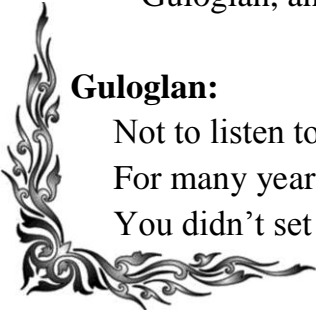
You didn't have a bathhouse built in those years!
As far as you didn't know the price of the nut,
You didn't have a single nut tree grown! But,
We'll both build a bathhouse and grow a nut,
You don't come, we'll take care, don't cut up.

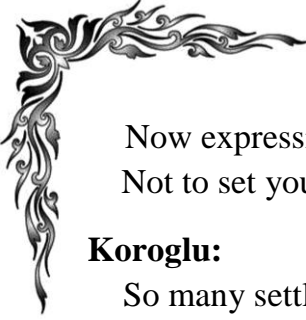
Koroglu:

Guloglan, and what do you wish?

Guloglan:

Not to listen to you at all I'd wish!
For many years lying and confusing us,
You didn't set a flower garden for us.





Now expressing our strong will to you,
Not to set your foot on Chanli, - we say to you!

Koroglu:

So many settlements, so many towns,
So many houses have been built by me.

Bridling and saddling the white horse,
You were mounted on it by me!

(then addressing to Laloglan)

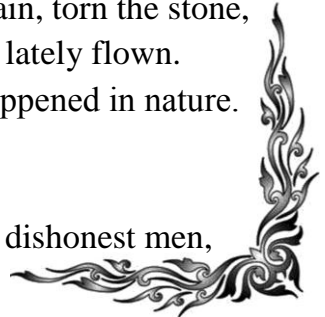
Oh, Laloglan, are you here too?
But the words you could utter were few!

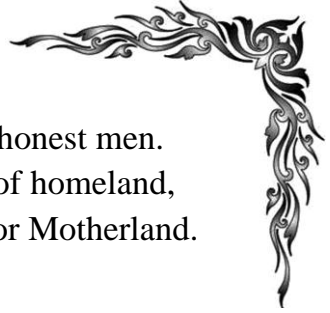
Laloglan:

Before everybody lost his power of speech,
Now we have found someone for us to teach.
The time has changed greatly, nobody asks,
“What’s your duty? Why don’t you do your tasks?”
I don’t know, they say the Caspian Sea has risen,
The rivers have flooded without any reason.
The wind’s blown in the mountain, torn the stone,
The dark clouds in the sky have lately flown.
So you’re guilty of what has happened in nature.

Galoglan: *(from aside)*

Good chance fell to share of dishonest men,





Those who live in want are honest men.
The rich possess the riches of homeland,
The poor possess the love for Motherland.

Koroglu:

From an alien country comes the foe,
Much more dangerous is the inner foe.
Though he is in mask or suit of armour,
I'll pierce him through without clamour.

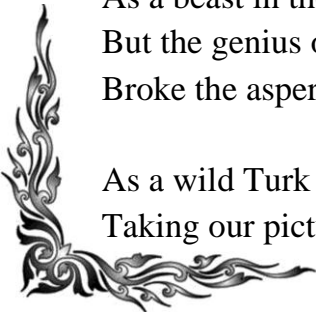
They run after Saroglan.

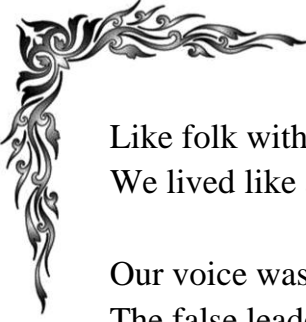
*The small empty room. There are four chairs around
the table. There is a broadcast on the radio.*

Dear listeners, this is radio Baku,
The political subject is on air.
Cheer up the son of Motherland,
No disgrace any more upon the folk and the land.

Armenian aspersion made us known,
As a beast in the world, they held their own.
But the genius of Aliyev like Nuh storm,
Broke the aspersion with a lightning stroke.

As a wild Turk and misanthrope nation,
Taking our pictures they created a sensation.





Like folk without a leader with heads down,
We lived like a defeated tribe without crown.

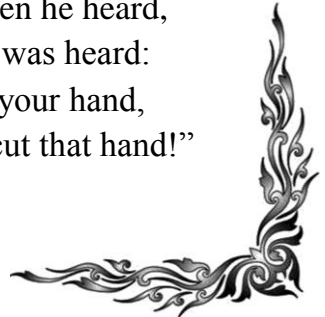
Our voice was not heard in the world,
The false leaders could make only bold.
The foe cried for help, we feared to utter a word,
They were drinking blood, we had bloody vomit!

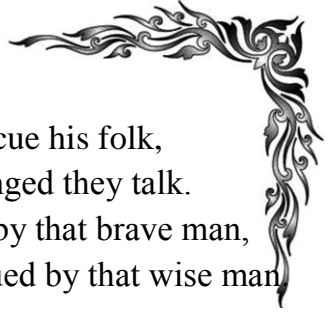
(At this time four persons enter. Their faces are not seen. They are listening to the news on the radio).

The heroes are perished, homeland's plundered,
The truth was false, the aspersion was right!
The wealthy men ran away from the country,
Every passer-by fought for leadership of country.

The leaders used to change, Motherland's on fire,
The people from the inside were also set on fire.
The word "Freedom" as soon as they uttered,
In the deep sea of blood Baku was drowned.

The bloodshed of the folk when he heard,
Koroglu's deep roar from far was heard:
"To Azerbaijan don't stretch your hand,
Know your place, or will be cut that hand!"





Since the day he came to rescue his folk,
The situation's radically changed they talk.
The foe's fire was put down by that brave man,
Each house and home's rescued by that wise man,

In order to make the small country live,
He walked around the Earth, you can believe.
He said: "Our action is true, we'll lose never,
Our native Azerbaijan will live forever!"

(One of them switches off the radio)

The first man:

Shut up, you wagging dog,
I can't do anything, all's in the fog.

The second man:

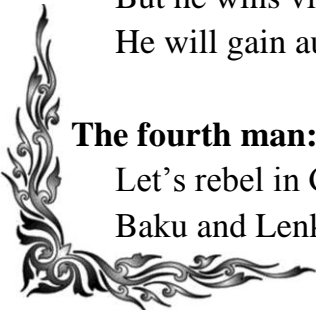
We fail in politics every day,
As our bands aren't united today.

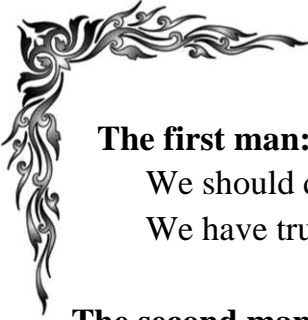
The third man:

But he wins victory every day,
He will gain authority day by day.

The fourth man:

Let's rebel in Ganja, Gazakh and thus,
Baku and Lenkoran will join us.





The first man:

We should do the same in Nakhchivan, too,
We have true friends there, let me remind you.

The second man:

You can do nothing, if things go so,
As your actions aren't united and you feel low.

The third man:

Let's make them busy with terror, revolt,
Using the chance, murder that man of note.

(They go away).

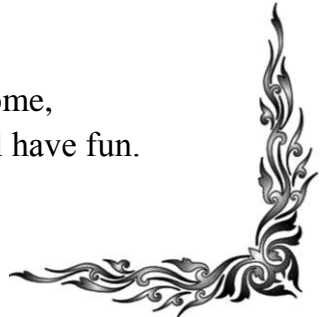
Koroglu – H.Aliyev sits in his study. He speaks over the telephone:

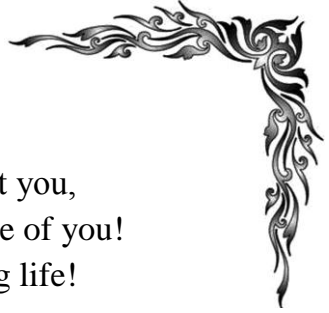
- Let them know once and for ever that the independence of Azerbaijan is eternal and steadfast!

This time noble-looking old Telli comes in. On seeing Telli Koroglu – H.Aliyev stands up and embraces her.

Koroglu:

How nice of you, Telli, to come,
If you're free, homeland will have fun.





Telli Khanum:

Haji Heydar, I've come to visit you,
May God accept the pilgrimage of you!
May God bless you with a long life!

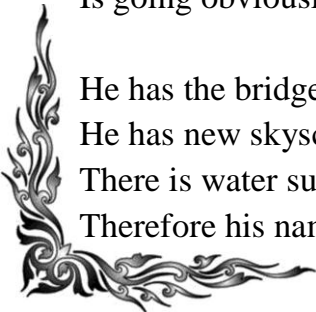
May your heart be full with Prophet Love!

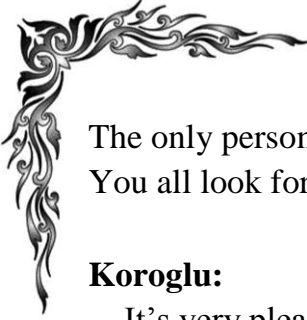
There is one more reason of my coming,
The folk of Nakhchivan send their praying.
When leaving us, you came here,
You left most of us in sorrow there.

As if girls and mothers fell in mourning,
Your name was in tongues from early morning.
They said: "What will we do without him?...
We won't be able to get our wish without him."

I've come to say that you can rely on us,
Thank God, Motherland's getting prosperous.
That young man you left instead of yourself,
Is going obviously the same way by himself.

He has the bridges set over the rivers,
He has new skyscrapers built for years.
There is water supply set in North and South,
Therefore his name goes from mouth to mouth.





The only person who deserves you is the one,
You all look for thoroughly in Nakhchivan.

Koroglu:

It's very pleasant to hear all that,

For many years I believed in this lad.
Now it's quiet, the danger is past,
Maybe I'll come, I'm missing you fast.

Telli Khanum:

Now let me say good-bye to you,
Make them happy, who love you.
I've got one more wish, shall say it?

Koroglu:

Without any hesitation you can say it.

Telli Khanum:

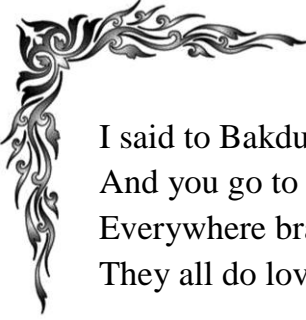
I think everybody will be happy,
If Nakhchivan is called a hero city.

Koroglu:

Don't worry, that'll be all right!

(They embrace. Telli goes away. Grandpa Gorgud enters with a sheet of paper in his hand).





I said to Bakduz to go and see the prophet,
And you go to Hajar and pay a surprise visit.
Everywhere brave girls and boys pray for you,
They all do love you and are proud of you.

Through the places I walked they wrote
a letter to you,
As you are brave, they've got a hope for you.
Grandpa Gorgud uttered his words, God bless you,
Let one of your brave boys read this letter to you.

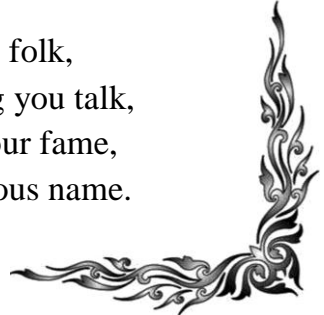
*(Koroglu takes the letter. He addresses to Grandpa
Gorgud).*

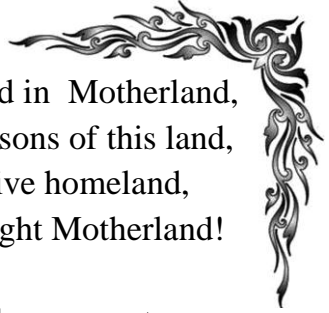
Thanks, Great Grandpa, with Prophet the same age,
Throughout the world I should celebrate your age.

(Gorgud goes away).

*There a distinct and proud voice is heard on the
phonogram.*

Hey, the great leader of my great folk,
The brave men of the land seeing you talk,
Our intentions are linked with your fame,
We are really proud of your famous name.





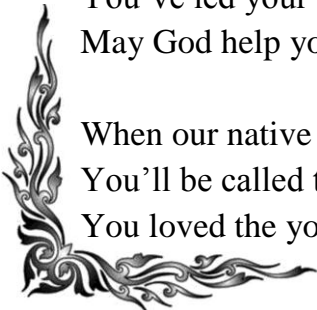
When our folk were in danger and in Motherland,
The blood was shed of the brave sons of this land,
Like the sun in the sky of the native homeland,
You shone and lit up with your light Motherland!

Those who were ready to break our country,
Who were eager to get a post in this country,
Couldn't stand it, ran away and left the country.
This time you came and announced like that:
“In front of me is the Quran – the way to justice,
My people are following me, I bring to your notice.

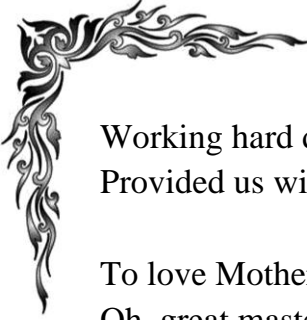
Let my friends and foes hear, at one stroke
I'll give my life as a sacrifice for my folk!”

Holding the torch high in your hand,
You stopped invasion of the Motherland.
Great man, on your arrival at Motherland,
Blood shedding was ceased in this land.

The brides were not any more in black,
Thank God, the brave sons came back.
You've led your folk on “The Silk Way”,
May God help you to hold this way!



When our native Baku joins Jeyhan,
You'll be called the great leader of Turan!
You loved the youth and they loved you.



Working hard day and night only you
Provided us with easy life, so we love you!

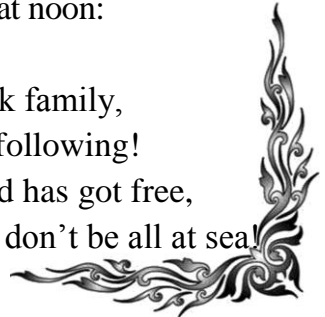
To love Motherland, language and folk,
Oh, great master, it was you who taught!
As a father you can always be proud of the one,
You have brought up courageous Ilham!

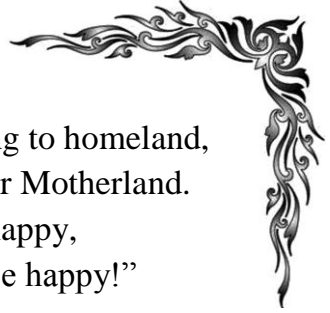
You've brought him up for Motherland,
Therefore everybody loves him in this land!
If the rudder of the ship you give to Ilham,
Whenever you like it will be done.

And breaking through the wavy rough sea,
He will make us reach the peak of victory.
In front of the great leader we swear an oath,
We're ready to give our lives for folk and land both!

If to Garabagh to join the battle you go,
Men of Motherland after you will go.
We wish you would proclaim very soon,
With a loud voice to the world at noon:

“Let all brothers from Azerturk family,
Living in the world, hear the following!
Be informed, your Motherland has got free,
Let your hearts beat together, don't be all at sea!





Motherland is yours, you belong to homeland,
Any time you can come to your Motherland.
God calls us to be strong and happy,
Hey, let's unite our wills and be happy!"

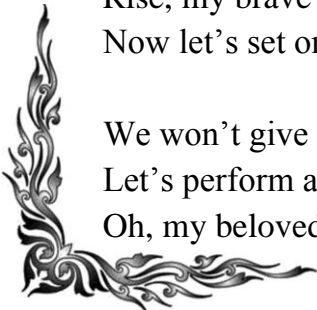
Koroglu:

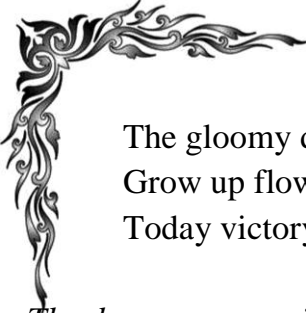
When Babek gave me his sword,
He told me not to sheathe the sword.
With his own blood to drench the foe,
To free Motherland from the last foe!
Grandpa Shah Khatai made his will,
"Do prefer your land to gold and kill
The foe, love the folk more than your soul!"

I'm holding Babek's sharp sword from the land,
In my heart I've got a great love for Motherland.
In front of me is the Quran – the way to justice,
My people are following me, take notice.

Let my friends and foes hear, at one stroke,
I'll give my life as a sacrifice for my folk!
Rise, my brave boys, mount your horses,
Now let's set on fire all foes' houses.

We won't give to the foe an inch of the land,
Let's perform a wedding in the native land!
Oh, my beloved folk, enjoy yourself, too,





The gloomy days have already left you.
Grow up flowers and roses in Motherland!
Today victory is won in the native land.

The horses are neighing. The sounds of swords and shields are heard. The lights change, the flowers are seen on the scene. The music is heard. Young people shoulder to shoulder dance Yalli and sing a song. This time Babek's, Shah Ismail's and Ataturk's silhouettes are seen again. Koroglu goes towards them.

Babek:

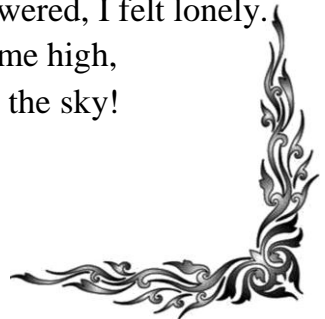
I said you would win with your sword,
But your wisdom was sharper than the sword!

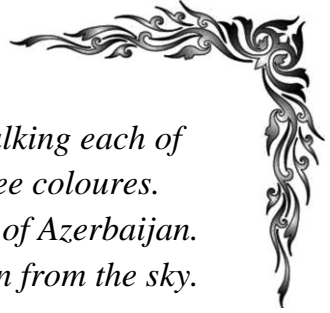
Shah Ismail:

Nowadays you could prove to all,
Those were strong who relied on folk.

Ataturk:

The first time in my life I cried only,
When three-coloured flag lowered, I felt lonely.
Now strive for raising the fame high,
Of the flag like rainbow into the sky!





They go towards the sun. While walking each of them is waving a cloth of these three colours. These three colours make the flag of Azerbaijan. The Quran is slowly lowering down from the sky.

Koroglu:

You holy spirits, do listen to me,
Let all the people also listen to me.
From this day on by brave Azerbaijan,
The writing of the new epos will be done!

(The overture of the opera “Koroglu” is played. In this background the great leader’s ringing voice is heard).

The state independence of Azerbaijan is eternal, invincible and steadfast! I was always proud; today I’m also proud of my being Azerbaijanian.

(He also walks towards the sun).

THE END





**THE NATIONAL ANTHEM OF THE
AZERBAIJAN REPUBLIC**

Azerbaijan, Azerbaijan!
Hey, the heroic sons' valourous land!
We are all ready to die for you!
We're able to shed blood for you!
Live happily with tricolour flag of the land!

Sacrificed their lives thousands of sons!
Chests were fields of battle of the sons!
Displaying courage every soldier,
Came back home as a heroic soldier!

May you be a flourishing land!
We're always ready to die for the land!
I do love you with all my heart,
My dear native Motherland!

To defend their holy land,
To hoist the flag of the land,
All the young people do band!
The valourous land, the valourous land,
Azerbaijan, Azerbaijan!





by Mahbuba Omar

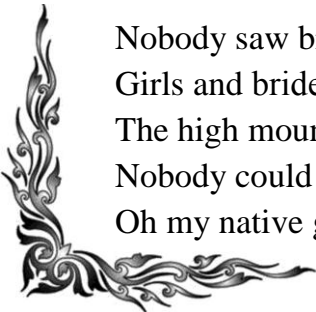
AZERBAIJAN

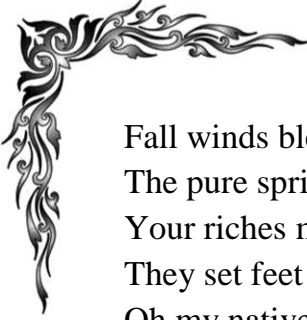
Oh my native grey-haired Azerbaijan!
You're the blood running in my vein,
The first flat and last address I gain.
You're a wise Mother lulling me to sleep in the rain,
All night long soothing and removing all my pain.

Despite the misfortune coming on you,
You did not take any offence and you
Became a flame and never were put out,
The Motherland songs were sung about,
And you have got ill-wishers, no doubt.

You do not stop; storm out like a sea,
Don't let enemy come to your land,
You've come from the truth, you see?
Be ready for the fierce battle for your land,
In order to save your native Motherland.

Nobody saw bitter tears in your eyes,
Girls and brides didn't pick up their flowers.
The high mountains lined up side by side,
Nobody could bend you from any side,
Oh my native grey-haired Azerbaijan!

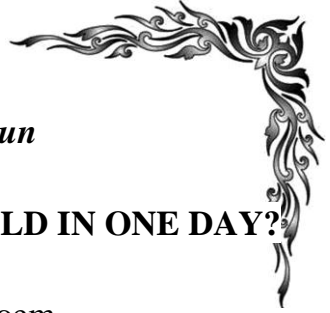




Fall winds blew, rivers flooded making roar,
The pure springs ran fast creating uproar.
Your riches made it envy of your enemies,
They set feet on the lands, who were enemies,
Oh my native grey-haired Azerbaijan!

Thousands of heroes gave their life for the homeland,
You distinguished yourself for your name, Motherland.
You are my song sung in the high-pitched tone, Azerbaijan!
Let me sacrifice my life for my country, Azerbaijan!
Oh my native grey-haired Azerbaijan!





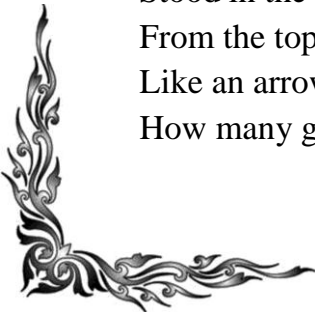
by Samad Vurgun

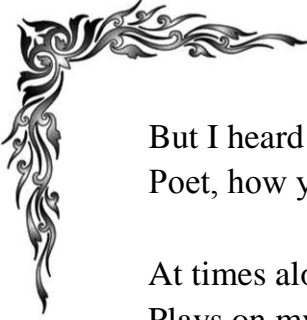
POET, HOW YOU'VE GOT OLD IN ONE DAY?

Though is fine a written poem,
He who is a poet also feels sad.
His life passes usually not bad,
His life passes with good luck but,
They who see me always say,
Why your hair turned so grey.
Poet, how you've got old in one day?

Yesterday a girl in her hand,
Brought me flowers from her land.
A lot of questions in her eyes,
She was standing mute being nice.
And looking intently into her eyes,
I felt as if that beauty wanted to say,
Poet, how you've got old in one day?

I took a great interest in hunting,
Stood in the forest day and night walking,
From the top of the mountain down going,
Like an arrow in the sky soaring,
How many gazelles I took aim;



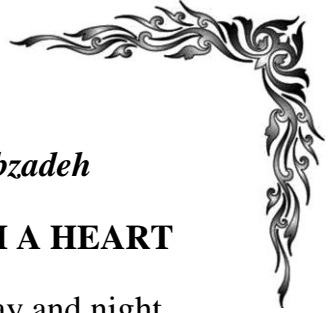


But I heard response from bullets say,
Poet, how you've got old in one day?

At times aloud, and at times slowly,
Plays on my saz on thousands strings.
Takes an oath, falls in love insincerely,
Develops friendship by taking bribes.
And the Satan breaking peoples' hearts
From time to time used to say:
Poet, how you've got old in one day?

I admit that my hair has grown grey,
But my heart beats as a previous day.
The hair got grey, don't be sorry then,
I can still write and hold firmly my pen.
And I exactly know in my native land,
Neither my beloved nor Motherland
Will forget me and sincerely say:
Poet, how you've got old in one day?





by Bakhtiyar Vahabzadeh

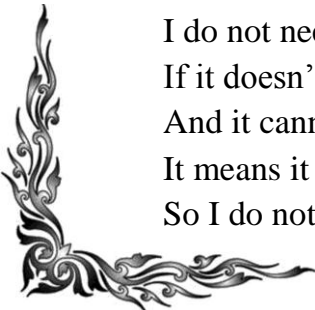
I DO NOT NEED SUCH A HEART

The heart is that beats day and night,
The heart is that burns up like daylight.
If it can't warm up the body and give life,
It means it is not a real heart,
So I do not need such a heart.

If it can't fill with joy and heartily laugh,
Its beating can't be heard by all enough,
And nobody knows about its real being,
It means it is not a real heart,
So I do not need such a heart.

If it is needed for its native Motherland,
It can't stretch like steel for its homeland,
And it cannot lie down and cover its land,
It means it is not a real heart,
So I do not need such a heart.

I do not need at all that kind of heart,
If it doesn't have any desire and might,
And it cannot fall in love and be loved,
It means it is not a real heart,
So I do not need such a heart.



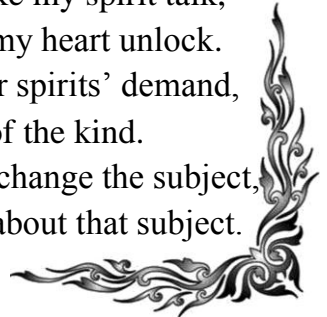


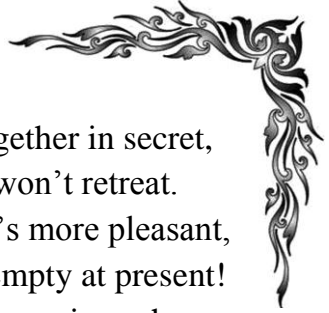
by Mikail Mushfig

I WISH IT WERE AGAIN THAT GARDEN

I wish it were again that garden,
Gathering together
You would move in that garden.
I wish I were in your neighbourhood,
Enjoying my time, were in good mood.
I wish it were again that garden,
I'd see you quite all over sudden,
Put my pen to paper asking your pardon.
Every day one more song late at night,
I'd write with inspiration day and night.
Oh darling, how do you find my wish?
Tell me, what do you think of my wish?

I wish it were again that garden,
I'd come to you all over sudden.
We'd meet, laugh and have a talk,
Your shy glances would make my spirit talk,
You'd make me happy and my heart unlock.
We'd talk in secret about our spirits' demand,
Your brother, sister and all of the kind.
Being ashamed you'd often change the subject,
And you'd quarrel with me about that subject.

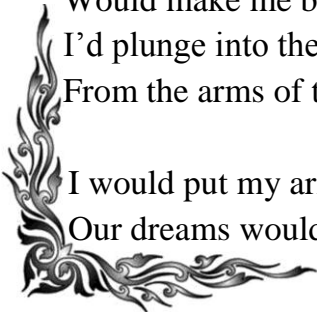




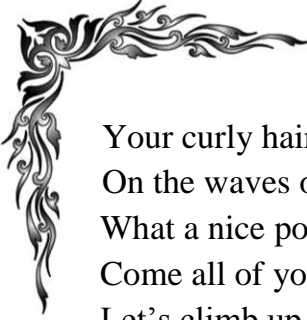
I wish our hearts would beat together in secret,
You know, snow-white face, I won't retreat.
This spring is quite different, it's more pleasant,
Oh dear, alas, if the hearts are empty at present!
One wish in each horizon, one hope in each corner,
The men live happily having great honour.

The hearts are tenderer, thoughts are deeper,
The senses are more delicate, heads are cooler.
The men's pride and demand are much higher,
The stones and clods in our roads are now clearer.
The people in the countries have great fun,
This spring is now quite different one!

I wish it were again that garden, sandy seashore,
And the sound of the waves breaking on the shore.
I'd feel on the waves curly like your hair,
Inspired would breathe in refreshing air.
Seeing the waves embracing your body,
Would cause storm in my heart and body,
Would arouse blind jealousy time after time,
Would make me burn with anger at that time.
I'd plunge into the water and make you free,
From the arms of the waves of the sea.



I would put my arms round your slender waist,
Our dreams would sail on the sea, no time to waste.



Your curly hair would be sail of my inspiration,
On the waves of the sea not being in desperation.
What a nice poem it is! What a nice view to see!
Come all of you and have a look at Caspian Sea.
Let's climb up cliffs in Buzovna and

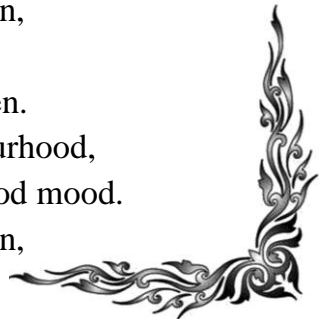
watch around,

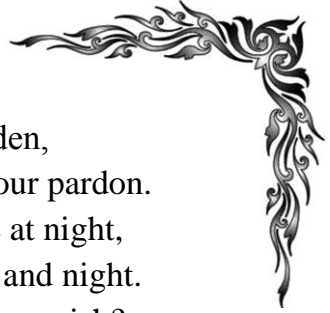
And the twinkling stars in the sky round
and round.

How nice to listen to a gentle murmur of a brook!
How nice to walk about the seaside without
going crook!

How nice to wake up early in the morning,
To be in high spirits and go on walking
Along the seashore and enjoy watching
Blue waves ascending and descending,
And being inspired start poems writing.
Sometimes being afraid of the waves,
One immediately has to leave that place.
Each wave looks like a white horse neighing,
Which likes frisking in the field and playing.

I wish it were again that garden,
Gathering together
You would move in that garden.
I wish I were in your neighbourhood,
Enjoying my time, were in good mood.
I wish it were again that garden,





I'd see you quite all over sudden,
Put my pen to paper asking your pardon.
Every day one more song late at night,
I'd write with inspiration day and night.
Oh darling, how do you find my wish?
Tell me, what do you think of my wish?





İNGİLİS DİLİNDƏN AZƏRBAYCAN DİLİNƏ

Corc Qordon Bayron

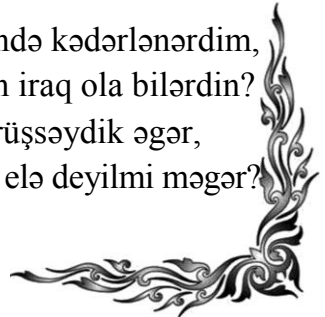
AYRILIQ

Sükut və göz yaşları içində biz ayrılan zaman,
Sınımış ürəyimiz dərd vermiş zaman-zaman.
Yanaqların solmuş, öpüşün tək soyuq olmuş,
Həmin kədərli an qabaqcadan xəbərdar olmuş.

Səhərin soyuq şəhi qaşım üstünə düşmüş,
İndiki hissiyatıma sanki xəbərdarlıq imiş.
Əhd-peymanə xilaf çıxdın, adında ləkə qalmış,
Adın tez-tez hallanır, həya-abır qalmamış.

Adının çəkilməsi bəd əlamət tək səslənir,
Soyuq üşütmə qəlir mənə, bunun səbəbi nədir?
Onlar elə bilirlər ki, heç tanımıram səni,
Əzizim, axı necə olar tanımayım səni!

Görüşərdik biz xəlvət, sükut içində kədərlənərdim,
Sən necə gözdən uzaq, könüldən iraq ola bilərdin?
Uzun illərdən sonra yenidən görüşsəydik əgər,
Sükut, göz yaşları içində olardıq, elə deyilmi məgər?





Persi Bişi Şelli

AXŞAM ÇAĞI

Günəş qürub edib, qaranquşlar yatıb,
Yarasalar sürətlə şütüyür boz səmada.
Asta nəmiş qurbağalar palçığa batıb,
Axşamın nəfəsi gəzir orada-burada.

Çayın titrəşən səthində bir dalğa belə,
Öz dərin yuxusundan oyanmayıb hələ.
Quru otun üzərinə şəh düşməyib bu gecə,
Ağacların kölgəsində yoxdur nəmişlik.

Quru, xəfif külək cövlan edir bu gecə,
Əsə-əsə küçələrdə yaradırdı təmizlik.
Aşağı-yuxarı uçuşaraq toz, saman,
Şəhərin səkisində burulurdu yaman.



Uilyam Henri Deyvis

ASUDƏ VAXT

Bu nə həyatdır, qayğı ilə dolu,
Asudə vaxt yox həyatımız boyu.

Vaxt yox budaqlar altında durmağa,
Örüşdən qayıdan geyun, quzuya baxmağa.

Vaxt yox meşəni gəzib-dolaşmağa,
Sincabların tamaşasına durmağa.

Vaxt yox çayların şırıltısını eşitməyə,
Ulduzların sayrışmasını seyr etməyə.

Vaxt yox incəbel gözəlin baxışlarını tutmağa,
Rəqs edən ayaqlarına heyran-heyran baxmağa.

Vaxt yox çöhrəsindəki təbəssümü sezməyə,
Aman allah, nə olaydı, dodaqlarını büzməyə!

Bu nə yeknəsək həyatdır, qayğı ilə dolu!
Asudə vaxt yox həyatımız boyu.



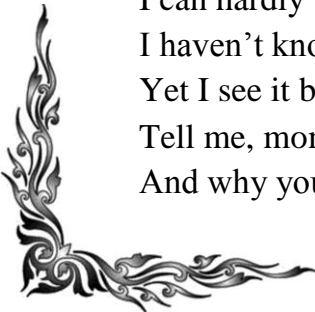
RUS DİLİNDƏN İNGİLİS DİLİNƏ

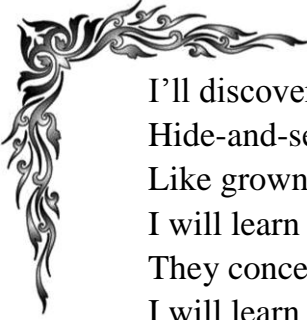
by Leila Aliyeva

MUMMY, DO NOT GO AWAY!

Mummy, do not go away!
Mummy, don't leave me alone!
It always rains, be known,
Mummy, whenever you're away,
I feel drenched to the bone.
Take me in your arms, mom,
Clasp me softly to your bosom.
Light up the stars in the sky,
With your magic glance and sigh.

Mummy, I am still too little,
Yet I cannot utter any word,
I didn't read books for the little,
I cannot condemn the world.
Mummy, I am still too little,
I can hardly walk on the grass,
I haven't known life even a little,
Yet I see it better than you and pass.
Tell me, mom, why you weep at times?
And why you're telling so many lies?

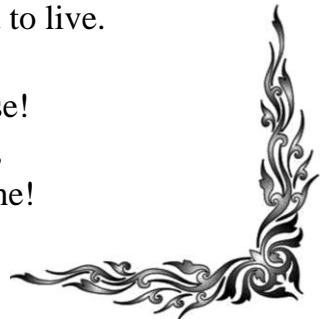




I'll discover it when I grow up once.
Hide-and-seek and dolls I'll start to play,
Like grown-ups in the life always play.
I will learn to keep in dark all,
They conceal everything after all.
I will learn to fear for everything,
And grieve anxiously for nothing.

It's a pity I will have to forget
My childlike faith very likely,
It's a pity I'll have to say good-bye
To my childish dream silently.
And, of course, I will dream
About my Mummy at night quietly.
I won't be able to build up castles for all,
Since I have no time and strength at all.

And having built up, I'll regret,
Why all these things I have set.
Recalling fairy-tales of my childhood,
Only then I admit I can be in good mood.
If I could speak, Mummy, believe,
From childish lips you would learn
How in the Earth you need to live.
Mummy, do not go away!
Mummy, come back, please!
Mummy, look and believe,
Only thanks to you I breathe!





by *Leila Aliyeva*

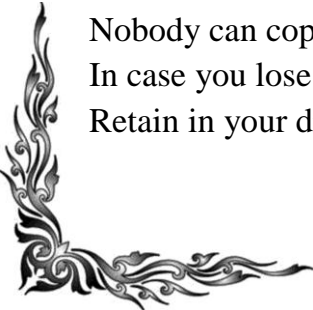
CAN YOU CEASE TO LOVE ME?

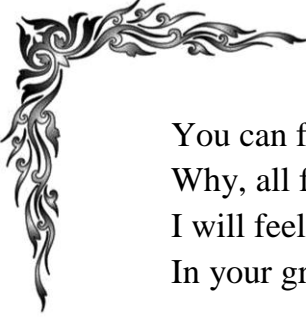
Can you cease to love me?
I asked you in silence and tears.
After all, you will not die,
And will go on living without me,
Washing pain down with sweet tea.

Will you suffer for a hundred years?
Or you'll forget me in one or two years?
Will you rub the silhouette off the paper?
Or tinting you will paint up that paper?

You can lose me forever being upset,
And won't be able to look for me in sunset.
Please do not stop keeping silence,
Uttered word won't come back with violence.

The time catches up our breath,
Nobody can cope with the stress.
In case you lose me in the earth,
Retain in your dream for all one is worth.





You can forget me once,
Why, all forget somebody once.
I will feel guilty thus and thus,
In your grief coming back thus.

Dear, I am guilty, you know,
But you'll forgive me I know.
The debris of the broken heart,
I gather with all my might.

You can cease to love me,
But I'll reveal a secret to you.
You'll be bound up with me,
Until my love cease in you.





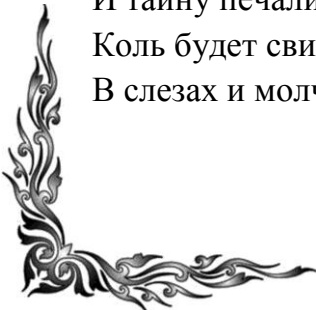
İNGİLİS DİLİNDƏN RUS DİLİNƏ

Джордж Гордон Байрон

РАССТАВАНИЕ

Помнишь, печалась, склоняясь перед судьбой
Мы расставались надолго с тобой.
В холоде уст твоих, в сухости глаз
Я уж предчувствовал нынешний час.
Был этот ранний, холодный рассвет
Началом страданий будущих лет.
Удел твой – бесчестье, молвы приговор,
Я слышу – и вместе мы делим позор.
В толпе твое имя тревожит любой,

Неужто родными мы были с тобой?
Тебя называют легко, не скорбя,
Не зная, что знаю тебя, как себя.
Мы долго скрывали любовь свою,
И тайну печали я также таю.
Коль будет свиданье дано мне судьбой,
В слезах и молчанье встречу с тобой.



MÜNDƏRİCAT

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